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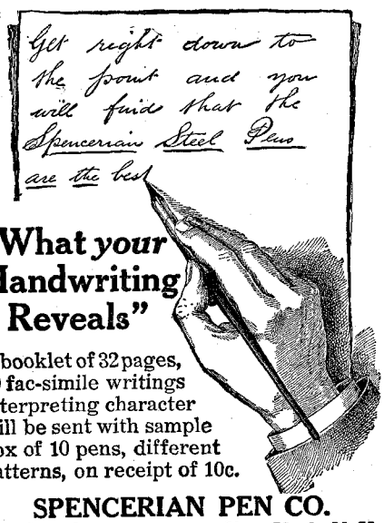

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Vol. 121 February 5, 1919 No. 6

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The Bolsheviki and the Powers..... 205
The German National Assembly..... 205
A Verbal Republic..... 205
Our Merchant Marine..... 206
Free Ports..... 206
Community Councils..... 206
A Decided Step Towards Universal Military Training..... 207
A Lamentable Strike..... 207
Girls and Wages..... 207
A Momentous Issue..... 207
Making Intelligent Concert Audiences... 208
The Letz String Quartette..... 208
Cartoons of the Week..... 209
Desirable State Legislation..... 210
The British Dominions in the Peace Conference..... 210
New Railway Routes Abroad..... 210
The First Bolshevist Council in America 211
The League of Nations..... 211
Should We Confer with the Bolsheviki? 211
The Prohibition Amendment..... 212
The Original Correspondence School.... 213
To Two Unknown Friends..... 214
By Lyman Abbott
What About the Bolsheviki? A Poll of International Opinion..... 215
The Struggle of Russian Democracy with Bolshevist Tyranny..... 217
By George Kennan
Theodore Roosevelt (Memorial Day, February 9, 1919)—Poem..... 219
By Samuel Valentine Cole
An American Noël: How an American Military Hospital in a French Valley Celebrated the Christmas of Victory.. 219
Editorial Correspondence from France by Ernest Hamlin Abbott
What the Germans Think and Say..... 222
By Gregory Mason, Staff Correspondent of The Outlook in Germany
Reconstruction of the Man..... 224
By Walter Camp
The Perfectionist..... 225
By Elsie Singmaster
The S. A. T. C.—A Comedy..... 228
By a College President
Current Events Illustrated..... 229
In a Department Store (Poem)..... 233
By Charles Hanson Towne
Weekly Outline Study of Current History 234
By J. Madison Gathany, A.M.
History's Lesson to the Motor Truck.. 236
By P. W. Litchfield
By the Way..... 242

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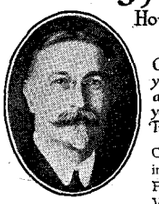

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How "Silent Simms" Became a Master of Speech

By MARTIN M. BYRON

"YOU are exasperating beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why you could have kept him that long without his realizing it. Why didn't you *talk* to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes, about *anything?*"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was a slow-going, steady plugger, earning $40 a week. He managed to keep busy in the Sales Department, keeping records of salesmen's reports. No one around the office seemed to notice him. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words—"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet the "Silent Simms" of two years ago is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organization, getting an annual salary that runs close to five figures, and is slated for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkable stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell the story as he told it to me when I asked him point-blank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "you remember when Mr. Truesdale came in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief got back? And when the Chief came back and found Truesdale gone, how he bawled me out? *That incident marked the turning point of my life.* I made up my mind that I was going to live down the nickname of 'Silent Simms,' that had fastened itself upon me to a point where I hardly spoke to my wife. I was just afraid. I had almost forgotten how to use my tongue. Perhaps I got that way because every time I opened my mouth I 'put my foot in it.' I was always getting in wrong. I would give instructions and then have to spend twenty minutes trying to explain them. I would dictate a letter and then have to write five more to explain the first one. I would try to explain an idea to the Chief and would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In my social life I became almost a hermit. We never went out because I was like a sphinx among people. I was the best listener you ever saw and the *worst talker*.

"Well, when the Chief called me down that day it was the 'straw that broke the camel's back.' It was the most humiliating experience I ever went through. I had been with the firm 8 years—was getting $40 a week—and was the office 'football.' I went home that night determined to learn how to talk convincingly, interestingly, and forcibly, so that I could hold people spellbound, not only for 10 minutes, but by the hour. No more of the silent stuff for me. I had no more idea of how to do it than I have of how to jump across the ocean, but I knew that I wanted to do it, and I knew that I would never get anywhere until I did do it. It took a shock to make me realize what it was that was holding me down to the grind of detail work, but when I finally realized why I was called 'Silent Simms' I began to investigate all that had been written on the subject of talking. I did not want to become a public speaker—what I wanted was the ability to talk as a business asset. I bought numberless books on public speaking, but they all taught oratory, and were so complicated that I gave up almost in discouragement. I continued my search, however, and was rewarded a few weeks later by hearing about the work of Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University, who was conducting a course in business talking and public speaking.

"You may be sure that I lost no time in attending the lectures. I went after them as eagerly as a hungry wolf goes after food. To my great surprise and pleasure I grasped the secret of being a convincing talker—the secret I had needed all my life—almost in the first lesson.

"Almost at once I learned why I was afraid to stand up and talk to others. I learned how to talk to a number of people at the same time. I learned how to make people listen to every word I said. I learned how to say things interestingly, forcibly and convincingly. I learned how to listen while others talked. I learned how to say exactly what I meant. I learned when to be humorous with telling effect, and how to avoid being humorous at the wrong time.

"More important than these vital fundamentals were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right and wrong way to make complaints, to answer complaints, to give estimates, to issue orders, to give opinions, to bring people around to my way of thinking without antagonizing them, and about how to ask banks for a loan. Then, of course, there were also lessons on speaking before large audiences, advice on how to find material for talking and speaking, actual rules on how to talk to friends, to servants, and even to children.

"And the whole thing was so simple that in a single evening I learned the secrets that turned me into a very dynamo of ambition. I knew that I had at last found the road to Mastery of Speech. I began to apply the principles at once, and found that my words were electrifying people. I began to get things done. I began to put a new kind of ginger into my letters, into my memoranda, into my talks with customers, and with people in the office. In a little three minute talk with the Chief I nearly floored him with some ideas that had been in my mind for years, but which I had always been afraid to mention. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then, a short time later, I was given Roger's job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records there the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager when Morgan was put in charge of the Seattle office.

"This great change came over me simply as a result of my having learned how to talk. I imagine there are thousands of others who are in the same boat in which I found myself and who could become big money-makers if they only learned the secret of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Simms finished, I asked him if I could not have the benefit of Dr. Law's Course and he told me that only recently Dr. Law had prepared a complete course in printed form which contained exactly the same instructions as he had given in his lectures. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to realize that Simms' success was the natural outcome of real ability to talk. For my own success with the Course has been as great as his. I can never thank Simms enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 5, 1919

THE BOLSHEVIKI AND THE POWERS

NEITHER the Bolshevik leaders nor the men of influence in the other provisional governments in Russia show a disposition to accept cordially the proposal of the Peace Conference that delegates from all these *de facto* governments should meet with delegates of the Peace Conference at Princes' Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, after ceasing from all hostilities, to try to find some way whereby peace and order may be restored in Russia. The Bolsheviki, with their usual greediness, demand that their position shall be recognized as something different from that of, for instance, the government at Omsk. The other factions or governments, so far as one may judge from the utterances of their best-known men, are extremely reluctant to have anything at all to do with the pirates and murderers who misgovern Moscow. Elsewhere we comment editorially on this situation, publish an article from Mr. George Kennan and quote a cablegram from our editorial correspondent in Paris relating to this question.

Meanwhile the United States is now at war with the Bolsheviki, and has been for some time. Newspapers on the very day on which we write, for instance, bear the headline, "Yanks, Beset by Red Legions, Hold Thin Line." They go on to tell that seven thin columns of Americans, Allies, and Russians which had reached a town south of Archangel had been driven back to that city after a narrow escape from a trap of the Bolshevik forces. To enter into a friendly council with an alleged government whose forces we are fighting in the field is somewhat of an anomaly.

But this is only one of the "little wars" that are going on. Thus a brief despatch says that the Czechs have captured Oderburg from the Poles "after sanguinary fighting." Now the Czechs and the Poles are new nations which depend on the Peace Conference to recognize and support their claims. It ought to be inconceivable that they should be killing one another in open battle.

The Peace Conference has recognized the acute danger of hostile movements by the small nations. It has issued a warning statement in which, as one correspondent says, it recognizes the fact that the "firing of the last shot" in Europe on November 11 was merely "a pleasant figure of speech." It is the prime duty of the Peace Conference to follow its rather gentle remonstrance with such forceful words and with such evidence of intention to stop these "little wars" that those concerned will promptly cease to fight and bring their claims for adjudication to the Peace Conference.

THE GERMAN NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

The German National Assembly is about to begin its sessions in the beautiful old town of Weimar, rich in literary and social tradition. It will naturally have as its first duty the establishing of a Provisional Government, the first in Germany since the abdication of the Kaiser to have any real claim to represent the German people. The framing of a national Constitution will be the next duty of the Assembly.

Later reports of the results of the elections than those given in these columns last week do not alter essentially the conclusions then drawn. The Majority Socialists, headed by Ebert, will be much the largest party represented, and it is estimated that, although they will not be in an actual majority, the coalition which is practically certain to exist between the Majority Socialists and other factions, and especially the so-called Democrats, will cast about 250 votes out of the 421 which make up the total vote. It is quite probable that one or more of the other smaller parties not included in this 250 will in many matters act with the Majority Socialists.

It is to be wished, but, we suspect, not much hoped, that the National Assembly will recognize Germany's crimes of the past. They might find food for thought in the admission lately put forth by Maximilian Harden, who supported the war at the outset, but has repeatedly pointed out wrong-doing by Germany. In his journal, "Die Zukunft," he reprobates (and we use his exact words, though with condensation) the theft of money, raw materials, machinery, and merchandise in Belgium ($750,000,000 in money alone), the violation of Belgian rights, forced labor, deportation, and the pillage and destruction of towns. In the devastation of northern France he condemns such things as the deliberate destruction of cathedrals and fruit trees. He denounces air bombardments contrary to the usages of war, the torpedoing of hospital ships and passenger steamers, the secret compacts with the Irish and the Flemings, and—perhaps most remarkable of all as coming from a German—"the introduction of disease bacilli by means of shells."

Finally, Harden asks if it is a wonder that "not one voice is raised in favor of Germany" when "on all sides there have been corruption, fraud, theft, the open or secret violation of all rights, while entire fields have been soaked with blood, as in the case of the Armenians."

When the German people and their National Assembly begin to see that the verdict of this German writer is going to be the verdict of the world and of history, they will be in a way to begin to lay the foundations of a new and better Germany.

A VERBAL REPUBLIC

An Irish Republic has been declared by the Sinn Fein. "Declared" is the word; for it certainly has not been "set up," as some papers state in their headlines. An Irish Republic has never existed, does not exist to-day, and there is small likelihood that it will exist within the near future.

Nevertheless the Sinn Feiners in council assembled in the old Mansion House in Dublin, with their own "policemen" guarding them, solemnly declared the "complete independence of the Irish Republic against the arrogant pretensions of England, founded in fraud and sustained only by an overwhelming military occupation." Furthermore, they called their assembly a Parliament, and through it asked the free nations to recognize Ireland as a nation and Ireland's right "to vindication at the Peace Conference."

A humorous aspect which somewhat interfered with the solemnity of the occasion was the use of the Gaelic as the official tongue of the Parliament. This, as has been said, is something as if the German National Assembly about to meet was to use the Gothic language. How many of the assembly "have the Gaelic" is not known, but it is reported that some of the speakers bungled sadly in its use or were obliged to read from manuscript.

Near by was Dublin Castle, the center of British military and official power. Neither power was invoked to interfere with this demonstration, and the regular Dublin "bobbies" had no trouble in keeping the peace—possibly because so

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many customary peace disturbers were inside the hall.

If we understand aright the attitude of the British Government in this matter, it is that it saw no reason to interfere with free speech provided that it was not accompanied by acts of violence or incitement to armed rebellion. England was criticised severely when Augustine Birrell was Chief Secretary of Ireland because it allowed Ireland to get into such a foment of rebellion that open revolution ensued. But that case was different from this; then such acts as illegal drilling and traitorous communication with Germany were passed over when they should have been stamped out.

England stands ready now, as it long has, to give Ireland reasonable autonomy as part of the British Empire just as soon as the Irish factions agree upon a workable plan which will not do rank injustice either to Ulster or to southern Ireland.

OUR MERCHANT MARINE

The United States Shipping Board is a "live wire" as regards recruiting. It is represented at each of the thirty camps where men are now being demobilized. No actual recruiting is done at camp; but as soon as the demobilized soldier reaches home he receives a communication from the Shipping Board telling him where he may be "signed on" for duty. About six hundred of the soldiers thus far listed by this means have had previous seagoing experience. They can be placed at once in the crews of new cargo vessels and other American shipping. The others are "green." They must be given courses of training. They are started towards one of the ships of the Board's Atlantic Training Squadron, which is based at Boston. They are reimbursed for their fare, are given pay and their keep while training for two months, and are put into uniform. On their graduation they are shipped out for deep-sea voyages on merchant ships as regular mariners. More than three thousand men on quitting the Army have signed cards at the camps stating that they wished to enter the merchant marine; a large number of them are now reporting daily at Boston.

As to officers, the Shipping Board announces that its schools for them will be continued. While the country was at war these schools graduated about seven thousand officers. It has now over eleven hundred in its classes. The Board needs about five hundred seamen of more than two years' experience on deep water and some five hundred mechanics with engineering experience, to be trained, respectively, as deck officers and marine engineers for the merchant marine. The seamen are being trained in navigation at twenty-one free navigation schools maintained by the Board. These schools are at the chief coast and lake ports. The mechanics are being trained by free courses in technical colleges or at the Board's special marine engineering schools. These schools are maintained at Boston "Tech;" Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; the Seamen's Church Institute, New York; Tulane University, New Orleans; the University of California, Berkeley, and elsewhere. The Shipping Board controls the schools, but they are directed by these various educational institutions. Take the school at Pratt Institute, for instance. The Shipping Board's course is a special one outlined by the Board, but made available through the Institute's equipment and personnel. While the course is free to the student, the Board remunerates the Institute to a certain amount; anything beyond that being the Institute's patriotic donation.

FREE PORTS

Five years ago the Merchants' Association of New York recommended the establishment of a free port or zone at the Port of New York. Last May the United States Senate asked the Federal Tariff Commission to report on this matter. The Commission has now made its report.

Bonded warehouses and the institution of the drawback (the repayment of ninety-nine per cent of the duties paid on imported goods when they are exported), it says, show that our Government has not tried to place unnecessary obstacles in the way of its citizens engaged in international trade. But obstacles have arisen. These are due, in its opinion, to the fact that bonded warehouses and drawbacks are inadequate. They cannot save the days of time imposed by customs procedure on vessels entering or clearing at our ports. It is all very well to take advantage, when proper, of bonded warehouses and the drawback system, but a greater amount of time might be saved by applying the principle involved, when possible, to the whole ship instead of to a part of its cargo. Hence the Commission recommends supplementing bonded warehouses and the drawback by a system of free ports or free zones, such as have proved effective in other countries, by giving greater freedom to the import of goods not for domestic consumption, but for transshipment to other countries.

The port of Hamburg, in Germany, is generally instanced as the best example of the successful management of the free port or free zone system. It consists of two parts. First, there is the Freihafengebiet, or free zone, into and from which zone ships and goods come and go without any interference from customs officials. Around this free zone is the German frontier for the rest of the port and the city. The creation of this free port has enabled Hamburg to become a great consignment market for products.

Next in importance to Hamburg as a free port is that of Copenhagen. The near-by Swedish ports of Gothenburg and Malmö have now received the additions of free zones, and Norway expects to do the same at Christiania. In 1914 Spain authorized a free zone at Cadiz. Barcelona secured the same privilege two years later, and Bilbao and Santander in another two years. Other Spanish ports are now asking for it, and one of our consular reports states that Havre and Marseilles will follow.

Thus the movement is active. It shows a growing conviction that a port should play a larger part in the quick conduct of international commerce as a whole.

COMMUNITY COUNCILS

The creation of the Federal Council of Defense was accompanied by that of State Councils of Defense, and these were followed by county, municipal, and community councils. The whole system now comprises over 184,000 units.

The war work of all these councils, especially as reinforced by the various women's committees, has been efficient in spreading abroad information and in taking necessary measures of Americanization and unification. The system has been of vital value in winning the war.

But the war has stopped. Should the work of all these units stop?

As one of the war's lessons has been the interdependence of social effort, we should preserve this interdependence for peace also. We should preserve these National Defense units for co-operative endeavor and civic orderliness. They draw together the various voluntary agencies at work in each community; hence, without interfering with individual integrity, these agencies will present a united front to community problems.

Through the Director of the Federal Council, Mr. Grosvenor Clarkson, the State Councils are being asked to take immediate steps to secure legislation in their respective States to provide for the development of the community organization and for permanent State leadership.

Aside from their pressing duties in connection with the re-employment of discharged soldiers, the 184,000 units may devote themselves to two things at once. The first is the matter of *receiving* the returning soldiers. A man who has made good abroad and perhaps has won a medal or two naturally feels that, on getting back home, the community might well "give him a party." In its turn the community quite agrees that there should be

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proper public or other reception of our heroes. This, so desirable from every point of view, should be arranged by the community councils.

The other matter is with regard to the Roosevelt services on February 9. Mr. Clarkson asks all units to do everything to make these services successful. He says:

> Because of the peculiarly non-partisan character of the great Council of Defense system, it is singularly fitting that the foregoing action should be taken. The honoring of Theodore Roosevelt is a matter that transcends party belief and personal prejudice. He lived greatly for America, and that is enough to justify even those who opposed him in mourning his death. With iron courage he performed a major operation on the public morals of his country at a time when public ethics had become dulled, and with daring and unfailing dignity he measurably increased the prestige of America abroad.

A STEP TOWARDS UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING

All friends of universal military training rejoice at the statement issued by the War Department that, with the demobilization of the Students' Army Training Corps, our colleges need not give up their connection with military training, but, instead, may again turn their attention to the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. A student may volunteer for membership in the R. O. T. C. except in those institutions, such as the land grant colleges, where military education is compulsory.

Before the war there were one hundred and fifteen units of this Corps in the various colleges. About one hundred of these are now being re-established; indeed, applications have been received for some two hundred new units. Hence something like three-fifths of the five hundred institutions which have been represented in the Students' Army Training Corps can start with units of the R. O. T. C.

A large part of the equipment used in the various institutions for the S. A. T. C. is to be kept and used for the R. O. T. C. In any case, the Government will supply sufficient equipment fully to meet the requirements of all units and will detail experienced Army officers with the necessary enlisted personnel to conduct the work.

During the academic year most of the time allotted to the military department will be devoted to theoretical instruction, mass athletics, and other physical training. At the summer camps the main feature will of course be intensive practical training.

The particular type of unit—infantry, cavalry, artillery, aviation, medical corps, signal corps, etc.—to be established at any institution will be determined by the wishes of the institution's authorities and its facilities for carrying on the special branch assigned to it.

Credits are given for work in the military department of an educational institution. These credit points will have due weight with the credits given in the academic work and will count on graduation requirements.

We are specially glad to add that, in addition to collegiate units, junior units are being established in secondary schools. In Boston, Chicago, Denver, and other cities high school corps have already been established. Indeed, almost any educational institution can adopt military training under the War Department's supervision. The Department's Committee on Education and Special Training will be pleased to consider any such application.

A LAMENTABLE STRIKE

When we describe the strike of the garment workers of New York City as lamentable, we do not in the least mean to express an opinion as to the justice of the demands of the workers or their refusal by the employers. It is the function of a board of conciliation to judge between the recriminations of the two sides.

There are two things which make this break in a peace of six years especially regrettable. It involves some thirty-five thousand workers directly and many more indirectly, and the nature of the industry is such that if arbitration fails a whole series of industrial wars will follow. But even more important is the fact that such a failure would be the end of an extremely interesting and hopeful industrial experiment—the protocol.

Under the protocol, which was drafted by Mr. Brandeis, now Justice Brandeis, of the United States Supreme Court, a graduated plan of settling disputed questions was devised; trivial and local matters were settled offhand by a shop committee, with an appeal to a more formal board of conciliation, and so onward until the big questions went before a large trade board of arbitration. The employers say that the protocol is dead; but, imperfect as the working of the system may have been, there is a strong likelihood that a conciliatory, fair-minded attitude among the leaders on both sides would make its continuance possible. It is largely a question of personal good temper and abstinence from "chip on the shoulder" and "die in the last ditch" utterances.

The workers are asking for a forty-four-hour week and a ten per cent rise in wages. The first means an eight-hour day, with the addition of a Saturday half-holiday. The second, they urge, is just, because the employment is a "seasonal" occupation, long involuntary vacations are the rule, and the girls earn only about $10 a week as an annual average. They declare also that over a hundred shops are firetraps, while three times that number are unsanitary, and they ask for the right of shop inspection by union officers. The city ought to see that the shops are decent and safe; but the workers remember the "Triangle" disaster and want to protect themselves.

On the other hand, the employers declare that the protocol unfairly limits their natural right to discharge employees for any reason except membership in a union, and that an appeal to a reviewing board of other discharges, as the protocol provides, is simply, in effect, the denial of a primary business right.

There is nothing in these conflicting claims that is not perfectly arbitrable. It may not be under the powers of the War Labor Board to act, as it has in the Harbor Boatmen's strike, but public opinion should urge arbitration. The disputants, as we write, have not positively rejected arbitration, and there is still a good prospect for conciliation.

GIRLS AND WAGES

What effect has war work and high living cost had on New York's girl workers? The Consumers' League has made a study of the subject among about three thousand girl workers who get less than $12 a week. New York State has no minimum wage law, but the League states that Federal industrial experts say that $15 a week ought to be the minimum woman's wage in New York City, and that the recent purchasing power of a dollar as compared with 1914 is about sixty-two cents.

Most of the three thousand girls whose cases were studied were trained workers. Yet forty-five per cent were earning less than $10 a week, thirty per cent less than $9, eleven per cent less than $8. If $15 is the right minimum woman's wage for New York City (many will think it a little high for after-the-war days), there is certainly need of legislation.

More personal in their appeal than statistics are the individual stories of long service poorly rewarded. We quote two only:

> One woman had worked fifteen years (ever since she was sixteen years old), had been with her present employer for two years, and yet, as a saleslady in a leading department store, was getting only $8 a week. Another had sold goods over a counter for twenty years, and yet was receiving only $11 a week.

The metropolis leads in many ways; it ought to be ahead, and not behind, in caring for the welfare of its women workers.

A MOMENTOUS ISSUE

A serious case involving the permanency of friendly relations with Japan

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now awaits decision by the United States Supreme Court.

In 1916 Mr. Takao Ozawa, a graduate of American schools and of Leland Stanford University, highly reputed for ability and integrity, applied to the Federal District Court at Honolulu for admission to American citizenship. He and his wife, also of Japan, have established a home there whose language is English, whose religion is Christianity, and whose daughters are reared in allegiance solely to America. His petition was refused, the Court holding that Japanese are not admissible to naturalization under the United States law, which provides only for "free white persons and those of African nativity and descent."

Thus informed by our Hawaiian correspondent, The Outlook reported the case on November 29, 1916. Commenting on the Court's dicta, "Japanese are Mongolians," "Mongolians are not white," we showed the inconsistency of our courts in naturalizing Finns and Hungarian Magyars, who are purely Mongolian and no whiter than Japanese. Equally inconsistent is the practice of our courts with the Japanese themselves. Of these our Hawaiian correspondent reports "perhaps as many as fifty" naturalized, while others are excluded—so differently have judges interpreted the law. The need of an authoritative ruling is obvious.

Mr. Ozawa's friends bestirred themselves for this. Americans and Japanese raised a fund for the costs, and American lawyers in Hawaii volunteered their services without charge. The Outlook supplied them with citations from scientific and historical authorities never before presented in court. We do not attempt to anticipate the decision of the Supreme Court as to the true interpretation of the naturalization law. But it appears to us very clear that the country ought to do one of two things: It ought either to provide by legislation for the naturalization of Japanese who desire to become citizens or to provide for their exclusion from the country, and the first of these courses would be both better for America and more in accordance with the American spirit. It is difficult to find any justification for a policy which invites foreigners to permanent residence in our country, and at the same time refuses to allow them to become citizens. This is a course certain to build up separated classes in the country and to promote bitter antagonism between them. We may well raise the standard required for naturalization, and we might exclude from permanent residence all aliens who do not come up to that standard, but we ought not to exclude any persons from naturalization who do come up to that standard and whom we welcome to permanent residence in the country.

MAKING INTELLIGENT CONCERT AUDIENCES

The University Settlement, the oldest in New York City, situated on the lower East Side, has recently instituted a course of lecture-recitals with the aim of helping its young men and women to form a sound musical taste. These young people, coming as they do in large measure from Jewish and Italian families, have often a strong potential love of music, and need only guidance to turn it to the best account for their own permanent satisfaction and their influence in the community. On the other hand, surrounded, as every one in our modern large cities is, with the trivial, spurious, and evanescent music of commercialism, they are in peculiar danger, lacking such guidance, of losing altogether the spiritual solace and joy that real music brings.

What is needed in such a situation is a friendly pointing out of the relative values and permanence of the differing kinds of music that they now enjoy or may in future become capable of enjoying. As Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason said in the introductory lecture of the course, on "The Listener's Share in Music," there are two commonly held views which are equally in error. One is that all music is divided into "classic" and "popular," and that the classic is "dry" and formal, while the popular alone has interest for the ordinary mortal. This may be called the "lowbrow" fallacy. The other is precisely the reverse, that of the "highbrow," unforgetably defined by Professor Brander Matthews as "a man educated beyond his intelligence." It is that all "classical" music is good and all "popular" music bad. As Mr. Mason showed, the truth is, rather, that some works by classical composers are not so good as others and some popular tunes are vastly superior to others, but that, on the whole, classical music goes deeper and brings, therefore, a more lasting joy.

Just as no one would think of rereading a detective story, although it has its place in literature, while every one knows that a story by Stevenson or a novel by Meredith reveals its full power and beauty only after repeated readings, so a tune like "Over There" is best at a first hearing and quickly becomes meaningless or even annoying, while a tune like "Träumerei" becomes the more beautiful the better we know it. Alert-minded and ambitious young people, like the audiences that listen keenly to these Sunday evening lectures at the University Settlement, can quickly be made to see that it is not worth while to waste their time on tinsel when the true gold lies ready to hand. As one of them was heard to exclaim after the first lecture, "No more cheap music for me!"

For later lectures, Mr. Harry Wilk, a resident worker to whose initiative they are due, has been able to secure the cooperation of such well-known musicians as John Powell, Arthur Whiting, Kurt Schindler, W. J. Henderson, T. W. Surette, and David and Clara Mannes. The plan has the efficient and enthusiastic support of the head worker, Mr. Jacob S. Eisinger. There is every reason that this kind of work for intelligent laymen in music should be introduced in settlements and community centers all over the country. On account of the age, race, and democratic social background of their clientele, they are in a position to do it with peculiar success and with fruitful results for our whole musical life.

THE LETZ STRING QUARTETTE

Every one familiar with artistic and musical life in America must hope that a by-product of the war will be the exposure of the mischief produced by those methods of commercial exploitation, quantity production without regard to quality, the "booming" type of advertising, and "propaganda" in general which were most flagrantly exhibited in German industrial and Junker methods, but which menaced all the better things of the whole world in the period just before the war. Ferrero, in his "Between the Two Worlds," wrote an illuminating book on this ideal of mere quantity, mere "production," as opposed to the older and truer ideal of quality, which we shall have to return to, adapting it to modern conditions, if we wish for any real progress, rather than the systematic deluging of the world with mediocrity. To no department of art were these false ideals, or are they still, more menacing than to chamber music, that branch of the divine art in which quality counts most, and mere bigness, number, and quantity least. Too many of our chamber-music organizations, like our orchestras, relied upon advertisement—the giving of the "greatest number" of concerts, whether well rehearsed or not, and the superficial glamour of "star" performers, engaged at fancy prices—to the neglect of skill, scholarship, and good taste, of work carefully, conscientiously, and quietly done. A keen English observer recently cited a remark of Justice Holmes, that his aim was to put his best into his work and leave it unadvertised, with the comment, "Could anything be imagined more un-American?"

It is reassuring, therefore, to notice that a chamber-music organization of the finest standards and achievements, the Letz String Quartette—Hans Letz, Sandor Harmati, Edward Kreiner, and Gerald Mass—has recently come into existence (the present season is its second) without any blowing of trumpets, basing

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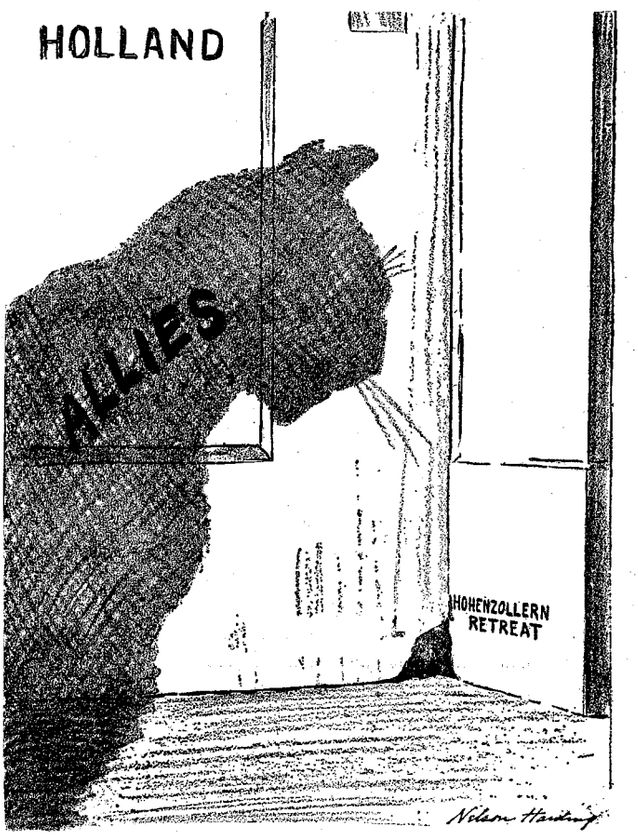
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

OUTSIDE!

Harding in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle



WRATHFUL WAITING

From Lustige Blaetter (Berlin)

A PROPHECY THAT WENT WRONG

German humorous papers are beginning to appear in this country. This artist thought he knew how the Allied attack was going to dash against a rock.

From Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)

A FRENCH JOKE

Says the diver: "What! You don't recognize your chum when you see him?"

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its claim to attention simply on solid musicianship, fine artistic feeling, careful preparation of a few concerts, and unassuming but steadfast loyalty to the best. In a sense, it may be regarded as the natural successor of the Kneisel Quartette, as Mr. Letz was for some time second violin of that historic organization. But it is its successor also in the deeper sense that it has remained true to the standards it set American chamber music at a time when we had fewer groups of high attainment and less established tradition than we have now. It is already in some ways a worthy peer of the Flonzaley Quartette, our foremost chamber-music organization. Lovers of real music will do well to rally to its support during those trying years before it has obtained the *cliché* of established merit and that financial support of those who do not think for themselves without which no musical undertaking can achieve secure tenure.

Meanwhile those who can recognize a good thing when they have it without the help of the press agent will attend the concerts of the Letz Quartette for no more recondite reason than that they will hear there the best music interpreted with rare beauty and insight.

DESIRABLE STATE LEGISLATION

The programme of the present Governor of New Jersey, Mr. Edge, was, among other things, to put the State's charitable and penal institutions on a more businesslike basis; to strengthen the principle of Civil Service in order that the State should be emphatically "on the merit system, so important in building up a permanent business organization;" to have a budget which should never exceed the State's income; to consolidate the State departments in the interest of economy and efficiency; and to continue "social-uplift legislation, fair alike to employer and employee, along the same lines as the Workmen's Compensation Law."

This law, passed in 1911, was introduced by Governor Edge, then a State Senator. By it a workman is entitled, upon sustaining injury, to medical attendance, and not only to receive compensation during the period of disability, but additional compensation if the injury results in any loss of earning power; compensation also is to be paid to the workman's family in the event that the accident causes death. It was the first really workable Act passed in the United States. New York preceded New Jersey, but the New York Act was discriminatory, and the courts declared it unconstitutional. The New Jersey Act has gone through all the courts and has been upheld in its entirety. Mr. Edge also inspired the budget system, by which the Governor must submit his recommendation on each item of proposed expenditure, not only to the legislators, but also to the newspapers and in such form as to be easily understood by the average citizen; thus the New Jersey taxpayer is now enabled to study and to express his views upon the items of the proposed expenditure of his money *in advance* of action thereon by his representatives in the State Legislature.

The January Message of the Governor to the Legislature shows that institutional reform, especially in prisons, has been furthered; that the Civil Service has been put on a better basis; that over a score of State departments have been merged into five "single control units;" that the State has now an unprecedented sum in its treasury; and that laws for the further protection of workmen and for the shortening of the hours of women's work have been passed.

The Governor's recommendations for new legislation are those which should be made in many States; we note, for instance, their inclusion in Governor Gardner's recommendations to the Missouri Legislature. They are for additional legislation concerning child hygiene, concerning the extension of physical rehabilitation and vocational education from the maimed soldier to the maimed workman, concerning health insurance, concerning higher compensation in cases of a workman's disability or death, and concerning a standard housing system in industrial centers. Here is a practical programme of social reform.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS IN THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Canada, Australia, South Africa, and India each have two representatives in the Peace Conference; New Zealand has one. Recognition is thus accorded to the war efforts of these British dominions and to their status as practically independent nations.

When Sir Robert Borden and several of his colleagues were invited to London to attend the sessions of the recently created Imperial Cabinet, or Central Council of Empire, then about to consider British policy at the Peace Conference, there was slight expectation in Canada that the Dominion would be directly represented in the deliberations at Versailles. The practical difficulty in the way was that to give representation to the various British commonwealths would mean an unduly large representation of the British Empire. The Government of the United States might confidently be expected to understand the anomalous situation; but other Allied nations might not appreciate the peculiar make-up of an Empire of practically independent states.

The difficulty has been solved by the adoption of Sir Robert Borden's suggestion that the British dominions should be given equal status in the Conference with the smaller Allied nations, and that in addition they should have representation upon a panel from which the British delegation should be drawn.

This settlement of a delicate problem is gratifying to Canada. The Dominion scarcely believes that indemnities are recoverable in her case. She recognizes the preferred claims of France and Belgium on a debtor that is close to insolvency. She seeks no territory. She would have confidence in the British representatives. But four years of war have created a new national and imperial spirit in Canada; and the day has gone forever when "Our Lady of the Snows" was content to leave to the chief of the British commonwealths the responsibility of speaking and deciding for her.

NEW RAILWAY ROUTES ABROAD

The French genius is never idle, whether in art or literature, trade or transportation.

French engineers announce four possible new direct and through transportation routes starting from Paris. One is called "The Acropolis Express." The present Paris-Athens route runs across France and Italy to the port of Brindisi, thence by water to the port of Patras in Greece, and thence by rail to Athens. The new route would save little in actual running time, but would eliminate the delays in transshipments. It would follow the present route to Italy, whence it would veer due east to Trieste, and thence east and south through Croatia and Serbia.

The second route is between Paris and Constantinople, following the first to Belgrade, and thence over the old Berlin-Bagdad route to Constantinople.

Another new through route is to Odessa, the great Black Sea port. This would start from Paris and Bordeaux and cross Italy, the Balkan States, and southwestern Russia. This route would demand new trackage from Belgrade along the Danube about one hundred and thirty miles.

But on the fourth proposition such an immense amount of railway construction, as well as of undersea tunneling, would be required as to make one query whether for very many years the scheme could ever become profitable. The plan is to save time between London and Paris, on the one hand, and Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, on the other. As the distance from the French port of Dakar in Senegal, on the West African coast, to the north Brazilian ports involves the shortest transatlantic span, French engineers propose to link Paris and Dakar by rail, tunneling the Straits

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of Gibraltar and building a line down the coasts of Morocco, Rio de Oro, and Senegal; Spain's consent being assumed. If the English Channel is ever tunneled, this route would thus save a considerable number of days (but would add to the cost) in the transit of passengers and goods from London and Paris to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires.

THE FIRST BOLSHEVIST COUNCIL IN AMERICA

Bolshevism has appeared on the Pacific coast. In imitation of the Russian model, a self-styled Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates has been organized at Portland, Oregon. Meetings have been held at which violent speeches have been made and resolutions adopted indorsing the Bolshevist Government in Russia and demanding that the United States shall at once withdraw its forces from Russia and Siberia, declaring that Russia is enjoying a much larger degree of freedom than are the people of the United States. This is true if for "freedom" one substitutes "license."

No matter what the benefit obtained in allowing these persons to "blow off steam," Mayor Baker, of Portland, as quoted in the New York "Tribune," calls attention to the menace. He says:

> Led by members of the I. W. W. and apparently plentifully supplied with funds from some mysterious source, these Bolshevists are meeting discharged soldiers who are being released from the Army here at the rate of six hundred a day. The Bolshevists give food, lodging, and clothing to the soldiers, many of whom are penniless. As a result they are enlisting some of them in their own ranks.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THERE is more hope to-day that a League of Nations will emerge from the Paris Peace Conference in a practical and effective form than there has been at any time since the armistice was declared last November. For many weeks this journal has believed and asserted that the Peace Conference did not need to create a League of Nations, but simply to recognize the League which is now in active operation. Summing up the arguments for such a view in our issue of January 1 we said:

"The League of Nations is so far from being a matter not pertinent or germane to the Peace Conference that it is a matter absolutely essential to the drafting and promulgation of the Treaty of Peace. We should like to see that Treaty begin in some such way as this:

> "The undersigned nations, composing the peoples and Governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States, having been associated in a compact for the prosecution of the war for liberty and democratic freedom against the military autocracy and despotism of Germany and her allies, having brought that war to a victorious conclusion and having laid down to the enemy the terms of surrender upon which an armistice was granted for the consideration of the final terms of peace, do now and hereby reassociate themselves in a League of Nations for the promulgation of the Treaty of Peace and for the establishment of the international relations of the world which is now entering upon a new era of civilization.

"Some such preamble as this would at once give a League of Nations an official and actual standing in the world."

This proves to be also the view of the Peace Conference now sitting in Paris. The French Prime Minister, M. Clemenceau, has more than once referred to the five great Entente Powers—namely, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and the United States—as the Powers in charge of the Peace Conference. These Powers, in fact, have assumed the duty and the obligation of directing the course and the policies of the Conference, and it has been officially stated that these five Powers will deal with all the general questions of peace, referring to the associated nations only the particular questions which concern each nation. And, finally, on January 25 the five Powers which have now become the charter members of the League of Nations passed a resolution establishing the permanency of this League, and saying that its final form must be "an integral part of the general treaty of peace." The resolution is of such vast importance that we reprint it here in full:

> The Conference, having considered the proposals for the creation of a League of Nations, resolved that:
>
> It is essential to the maintenance of the world settlement which the associated nations are now met to establish that a League of Nations be created to promote international obligations and to provide safeguards against war.
>
> This League should be created as an integral part of the general treaty of peace, and should be open to every civilized nation which can be relied on to promote its objects.
>
> The members of the League should periodically meet in international conference and should have a permanent organization and secretaries to carry on the business of the League in the intervals between the conferences.
>
> The Conference therefore appoints a committee, representative of the associated Governments, to work out the details of the constitution and the functions of the League and the draft of resolutions in regard to breaches of the laws of war for presentation to the Peace Conference.

This act, so simply stated, so obviously the thing to do that for the moment it appears to be the performance of a common, every-day, matter-of-fact duty, is in reality so momentous as to be almost staggering to the imagination. If the five charter members of this League continue to work in harmony and succeed through their appointed committee in creating a permanent organization, they can assure the permanent international peace of the world.

It is said, in criticism, that this plan contains no provision for an international executive or an international police force, and that this omission implies that the Paris Conference has registered its opposition to a more closely federated League than that which now exists. We do not think this criticism has force. The Conference has taken the wise course. Its resolution is in effect a constitution, and a good constitution is one which lays down general principles and refrains from going into the details of administration. The great outstanding fact is that a League of Nations now exists and its existence is officially acknowledged. The details of the structure can well be left to the wisdom and experience of the future to work out.

SHOULD WE CONFER WITH THE BOLSHEVIKI?

ON January 22 the Peace Conference at Paris approved the proposal of President Wilson to confer with the Bolsheviki leaders in Russia. It is true that the British Prime Minister, Lloyd George, had previously suggested such a course, but the circumstantial evidence and the well-known attitude and policies of the President in our period of neutrality convince us that the idea was originally Mr. Wilson's, was placed by him before Lloyd George, who accepted it and agreed to it partly in order to preserve harmony with the United States and partly to mollify a large and powerful group in England which is protesting against further sacrifice of British lives or British property by warfare in Russia. The President's language, which has been accepted as the official statement of the Peace Conference, is as follows:

> The associated Powers are now engaged in the solemn and responsible work of establishing the peace of Europe and of the world, and they are keenly alive to the fact that Europe and the world cannot be at peace if Russia is not. They recognize and accept it as a duty to serve Russia as generously, as unselfishly, as thoughtfully, as ungrudgingly, as they would serve any other friend and ally, and they are ready to render this service in the way that is most acceptable to the Russian people.
>
> In this spirit and with this purpose they have taken the following action: They invite every organized group that is now exercising or attempting to exercise political authority or military control

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anywhere in Siberia, or within the boundaries of European Russia as they stood before the war just concluded, except in Finland, to send representatives, not exceeding three representatives for each group, to Princes' Islands, Sea of Marmora, where they will be met by representatives of the associated Powers, provided in the meantime there is a truce of arms amongst the parties invited and that all armed forces anywhere sent or directed against any people or territory inside the boundaries of European Russia as they stood before the war, or against Finland, or against any people or territory whose autonomous action is in contemplation in the fourteen articles upon which the present negotiations are based, shall be meanwhile withdrawn and aggressive military actions cease.

These representatives are invited to confer with the representatives of the associated Powers in the freest and frankest way, with a view to ascertaining the wishes of all sections of the Russian people, and bringing about, if possible, some understanding and agreement by which Russia may work out her own purposes, and happy, co-operative relations be established between her people and the other peoples of the world.

The French, who have consistently opposed a peace by negotiation and have steadily protested against conferences or compromises with their enemies, have reluctantly yielded to Mr. Wilson's proposal. They succeeded in modifying the original plan so that now the conference with the Bolsheviki will not take place in Paris, but on Princes' Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, near Constantinople, thus averting to some degree the danger and disaster that would come from an official recognition of Trotsky and his accomplices in the very halls of the Peace Conference itself.

Our correspondent in Paris, Mr. Ernest H. Abbott, cables us as follows:

> The proposed negotiation with the Bolsheviki on Princes' Islands is received with joy by the Socialists and pacifists, but with consternation generally in France. How can a future League of Nations enforce law, order, or peace if the present associated nations refuse to enforce law or peace? America cannot afford to treat its faithful friends on the same basis as their venal enemies. Great disappointment is expressed here that America, regarded as devoted to ideals, should propose a policy, defended solely on the ground of expediency, in a spirit of compromise with enemies of liberty and law.

Americans will applaud the fine sentiment and feeling, the yearning for international neighborliness and Golden Rule relationships which have prompted the President's proposal. When grave differences arise and disastrous conflicts threaten, not only in political life, but in individual life, the first thing to try to do is to sit down and reason together before appealing to the law courts or the battlefield. Nevertheless, there come times when the law court or the battlefield is not only inevitable, but righteous. It is our conviction that the world has reached the law court and battlefield stage with the Bolsheviki. Trotsky and his fellow assassins and Anarchists, who have thrown overboard every human consideration in the pursuit of their selfish ambitions, are truly, as Milyukov, the great Russian democrat, has said, "mad dogs who seek to bite other dogs in order to infect them." The President hopes that the Bolsheviki will lay down their arms, and has, indeed, made that a condition of conference with them. He hopes that they will come back into the pale of civilized nations and will confer and reason as men and brethren, instead of shooting and looting as burglars and assassins. If he should succeed in this miraculous conversion, he will indeed have accomplished an achievement that will be applauded by right-thinking men for all time to come.

But what ground is there for so great and splendid a hope? With the same fine ideals the President pursued this method for two years with Prussia and the Potsdam gang. He failed and finally had to take up the sword and bayonet. He announced the same principles and pursued the same course in Mexico. It failed there. And human justice and welfare are in a worse state in Mexico than they were at the beginning because we tried to reason with murderers instead of handcuffing them.

Trotsky and his accomplices are as despotic and unscrupulous as the invaders of Belgium or the bandits of Mexico. Society cannot reason with such men. It can only restrain them by the power of the law backed by force whenever necessary.

THE PROHIBITION AMENDMENT

THE opponents of National prohibition have waked up too late. National prohibition is an accomplished fact. The Constitution of the United States now prohibits the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation into and exportation from the United States of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes. The suggestion that some of the State Legislatures may change their minds and reverse their resolutions indorsing this Amendment need not be taken seriously. The only way in which those who desire can take this prohibition out of the Constitution is by pursuing the same process which put this prohibition into the Constitution. It is conceivable that a Legislature which had adopted the Amendment might reverse that adoption before the Amendment had been accepted by the necessary number of States, but it is not conceivable that, having adopted the Amendment in common with the other States, it could neutralize their action by subsequently reversing its own.

But, as we said last week, the Constitution does not and cannot enforce itself. The power which the Amendment confers upon Congress and the States must be exercised either by Congress or by the States, or the liquor traffic will go on as heretofore. There are certain rather difficult problems to be solved before this Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution will become an effective prohibition throughout the Nation.

The Amendment gives to the Congress and the several States "concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." This cannot mean that the legislation of the States and of Congress must agree in order to be authoritative. This would be to deprive the States of power which they before possessed. "Concurrent jurisdiction" is defined by the Century Dictionary as "jurisdiction possessed equally by two courts, and, if exercised by one, not usually assumed by the other." This is unquestionably the meaning of the phrase "concurrent power" in the new Amendment to the Federal Constitution. And the traditions of the country and the past decisions of the courts indicate that if the Federal Government and the States both exercise this power the legislation of the Federal Government will supersede that of the several States if they conflict. If, for example, Congress undertakes to give a definition of the phrase "intoxicating liquors," this definition ought to be, and probably would be, accepted by all the courts, State and Federal, in the United States.

What are "intoxicating liquors"? Black's Law Dictionary answers this question in the following terms, and a number of cases in different States are cited by the editor in support of this definition:

> Any liquor intended for use as a beverage or capable of being so used, which contains alcohol, either obtained by fermentation or by the additional process of distillation, in such proportion that it will produce intoxication when imbibed in such quantities as may practically be drunk.

But this definition, though adequate for our purpose here, is not authoritative as to either Congress or the State Legislatures.

There are four ways in which practically a definition of this somewhat ambiguous phrase may be obtained. It may be defined by Act of Congress, by the act of a State Legislature, or by the courts, or it may be left to be determined by the jury in any case in which a person is accused and on trial for selling intoxi-

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cating liquors. It is to be hoped that it will not be left to be determined by the State Legislatures or the courts; that Congress will furnish in its legislation on this subject an authoritative definition, for it is greatly to be desired that there shall be one definition uniform throughout the Nation.

The thoughtful reader will observe that the Amendment to the Constitution does not prohibit all manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, but their manufacture and sale "*for beverage purposes.*" Clauses in the Constitution conferring power upon the Congress are generally strictly construed. The new Amendment does not give Congress any power to interfere with the sale, manufacture, importation, or exportation of intoxicating liquors for sacramental or medicinal purposes, nor the distillation of alcohol for mechanical purposes. Congress cannot prohibit physicians from prescribing liquor as a medicine. Can it, under the new Amendment, prohibit the manufacture of patent medicines containing alcohol? It is well known that there have been patent medicines on the market containing so much alcohol that if the medicine were poured into a saucer and touched with a lighted match it would burn. Can Congress prohibit the use of alcoholic liquors for household purposes, not as a beverage—say, for example, the manufacture and sale of brandy-peaches? These are some of the questions which remain to be determined in carrying this Amendment into effect.

There is still another question which is tersely stated in a published interview accredited to Cardinal Gibbons. In this interview he is reported as saying: "In the carrying out of the law I see also an invasion of the home, which up to now all men have agreed is a sacred, holy place. These agents may enter our homes with the violence of burglars and the immunity of officers of the law." It will be the duty of our legislators to recognize this sanctity of homes and not allow officers of the law to enter them in a search for liquor without proper legal safeguards.

We hope that Congress will at an early date refer either to a Congressional committee, or to a special commission of experts, or to the two working together, a consideration of these questions and the preparation of National legislation framed for the purpose of securing as far as possible a common understanding of the two phrases, "intoxicating liquors" and "beverage purposes," and a common practice in the enforcement of the law in a way which will recognize the rights of the Church, the physician, and the home, while guarding against the abuse of those rights by those who desire to defy the Constitutional Prohibition Amendment.

THE ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

THE Happy Eremite found it in a conventional Fifth Avenue bookshop lying across a row of old and elderly novels, marked down. How it had ever dropped there he could not imagine. Somehow, it did not seem to have much in common with the Fifth Avenue of 1919. For the copyright date was 1879, and the title of the book was:

THE
PERFECT
LETTER-WRITER
AND
BOOK OF BUSINESS FORMS
FOR
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
CONTAINING ACCURATE DIRECTIONS FOR CONDUCTING
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE
WITH 270 SPECIMEN LETTERS
ADAPTED TO EVERY AGE AND SITUATION IN LIFE, AND
TO BUSINESS PURSUITS IN GENERAL
ETC., ETC.

The table of contents was enticing. There were here, it seemed, a "Ladies' Letter-Writer" and a "Gentlemen's Letter-Writer." There were letters "from young ladies to parents, and from mothers to their children;" "from young ladies to brothers and sisters;" "from young ladies to persons of mature age;" "from females to others on general subjects;" "from females to other persons on courtship and marriage;" and letters from "gentlemen" to correspond. There were dunning letters, entitled "A Hint for the Payment of a Debt," a "More Pressing Demand for Payment," with the "Answer of the Debtor."

The Happy Eremite turned eagerly to the page indicated. No doubt, he said to himself, here at last he would find the "perfect" evasion.

> Enclosed please find [he read] . . . I am happy to be thus able to cancel an indebtedness which has already existed too long.

The Eremite felt a sense of disappointment. Any fool could write a letter like that without assistance. It was the other kind in which a man needed the guiding hand. He turned the page. Ah! Here was what he was looking for, under the caption "Soliciting the Aid of an Old Friend:"

> No. —Oak St., New Orleans,
> January 17, 18—.
>
> *Dear Sir:* Many years have elapsed since we last met, but, I think, nevertheless, you cannot have forgotten me. It is Nick Vaughan, your former associate, who now addresses you; but, alas! he is sadly changed from what he was in those days of prosperity. My fine flow of spirits has been replaced by a settled melancholy, prosperity has given way to grinding poverty, and the sneers and contempt of an unfeeling world are but a poor exchange for the honeyed words of flattery which used to be poured into mine ears.
>
> I do not design to operate upon your feelings by artful language; but . . .

and so on to the inevitable close. "Now that is a useful letter," said the Happy Eremite. "No ordinary man would think of those 'honeyed words of flattery' without assistance. Why didn't I discover this book earlier in life?"

He turned back fifty pages. It would have been so useful! In college, for instance. Here is a letter that would have suited my type of mind perfectly—"A Youth at College to His Father, Requesting Him to Send Certain Books:"

> *Dear Papa:* I am very sensible of the many favors you have bestowed upon me, and the best evidence I can offer of my appreciation of your kindness is the progress I am making in my studies. I have received the books you sent, and all my leisure has been devoted to a careful perusal of Butler's "Ethical Discourses." It is truly a valuable work, and I shall profit by its teachings.

Even though the youth spent his leisure otherwise than in reading the "Ethical Discourses," mused the Happy Eremite, such a model letter might have its uses. It might, for instance, be adapted to throw dust in the "old man's" eyes. But perhaps youths in college did not do such things in 1879.

He turned to the section labeled "From Men to Other Persons on Courtship and Marriage." "The Perfect Letter-Writer" plunged at once into what might be termed *medias res:*

> Lombard St., Phila., Mar. 3, 18—.
>
> *My dear Miss* ——: I have been so delighted with your society when it has been our fortune to meet in company, that I feel emboldened to address you in the character of a suitor. I am aware that I cannot assume such a position without the consent of your parents, but should I receive from your fair hands an encouraging reply to this letter, I shall at once communicate with your respected father on the subject of my hopes and wishes. That you may give my proposal a favorable consideration is the earnest prayer of
>
> Your devoted and sincere admirer, etc.

The Happy Eremite turned quickly to "Letters from Females on Courtship and Marriage" to find what answer a female could make to so ardent a proposal. Ha! There it was:

> *Dear Sir:* Your assiduous, yet delicate attentions, have strengthened the favorable impression I had formed. While acknowledging that your conduct has ever been that of a finished gentleman, I cannot avoid confessing that I entertain for yourself a strong feeling of regard. It is not prudent, however, to arrive at hasty conclusions or to mistake momentary impulses for permanent impressions; each should seek to know more of the other's disposition and temper, etc., etc.

An excellent model for a level-headed lady, thought the Happy Eremite. But for ladies not quite so level-headed there were also models:

> *Dear Sir:* I have not been insensible to your attentions; indeed, how could I be? since they were directed exclu-

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sively to myself, who, in personal attractions and mental endowments cannot equal many others who have failed to secure your preference. I candidly admit that I was not only flattered, but highly pleased by your attentions, and that I endeavored to persuade myself of the existence in your breast of a higher feeling than one of mere esteem for the humble lady who had been the object of your kindnesses. . . .

The Happy Eremite turned frantically back to the "Men to Other Persons" for an adequate reply. Here it was:

Dearest Emily: Your note, received last evening, filled my soul with inexpressible delight, and was read again and again, before I could assure myself of the reality of my happiness—that I am now entitled to consider you as the life-long companion, whose felicity it will be the grand aim of my endeavors to secure. The candid and gentle confession of your love, which had seemed too great a bliss to hope for, has removed a weight from my mind that oppressed it beyond description. This evening, when the toils of business release me from their grasp, I will hasten to your presence, and make a feeble attempt to express my feelings of thankfulness and delight at finding my flattering hopes have not deceived me, and that the only heart which I prize in this wide world beats responsive to my own.

"The Perfect Letter-Writer," so firm and kindly a guide through the mazes of courtship, did not, it seemed, desert "gentlemen" at the end of the preliminary stage of the matrimonial journey. A gentleman might wish, for instance, to congratulate his betrothed on her birthday. In that case he might do it in this wise:

My dear Aurelia: Nineteen years ago to-day occurred an event of great importance to myself—for that event laid the foundation of my happiness in this world. On that day you, my dearly beloved, first saw the light; and I cannot express my gratitude to Divine Providence, which has, year after year, developed simultaneously the perfections of your body and the graces of your soul. I am sometimes disposed to question my own claim to so much happiness as I behold the companion of my youthful pains and pleasures expanding into the lovely woman who is destined to share both with me in my journey through life.

On the other hand, a gentleman might be "Desirous of Discontinuing His Addresses." In that case, page 159 would provide him with the necessary crowbar:

Dear Maria: I never felt so much anguish in wringing from my soul a painful declaration as now experienced in declaring to you that I must forego all hopes of our future union. Do not ask why, for my answer could only inflict on the hearts of both an additional pang; but be assured it is no hasty resolve—the reasons for it have been deliberately weighed, and I consider it to be essential alike to our mutual happiness and our mutual prosperity. Those letters from yourself in my possession I will dispose of as you may direct; but I entreat you to grant me the privilege of retaining one of the number, as a memorial of the past.

With this simple request, receive my sorrowful but affectionate adieu, and if, in after life, you should ever need a friend, believe me, I will be glad of the opportunity to serve one whom I loved dearly, but whom fate decreed should not be mine.

The Happy Eremite turned to the "ladies' section" and promptly found the reply that a properly reared female would make to such an epistle. It was not as strong as he would have made it, but it was not inadequate. The close had quality:

Sir, I shall banish you from my affections at once and forever; and I now only require you to return me those letters which I wrote you under a mistaken confidence in your honor and attachment, when you were regarded as the future husband of

The basely treated

ESTHER FLORENCE.

There were other letters, both for females and gentlemen, concerning picnics and deception, jealousy, poverty, unsteadiness, widows and other dissipations; there were letters from "A Young Female to a Soldier Lover" and a "Reply of a Cookmaid to a Proposal of Immediate Marriage."

"Think not," writes the cookmaid, "that indifference makes me object to your plans; prudence is my counselor against the risk of poverty, followed, as is too frequently the case, by mutual dissipation and wretchedness."

The Happy Eremite dreamily turned the pages, and it seemed to him as he turned them that he was turning the leaves of the Book of Time. "Did people ever write that way?" he murmured. "Did people ever think that way?" He recalled a word, a phrase, a point of view, of certain elderly persons on the horizon of his own childhood and set them beside the outpourings of the Emilies and Aurelias, the Lemuels and Rolands, of "The Perfect Letter-Writer." They matched. Incredible as it seemed, they matched.

"The world do move," murmured the Happy Eremite, with a sigh of gratitude. "The world do move."

TO TWO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

The thinking portion of this tenth of our population [the Negro race] are asking, what the war will bring to them, and the question is a fair one. And now is the time when it should be stated and restated and stated again, until the public of the country sits up and listens. E. H. W.

IF any colored man were to ask me what the war will bring to him or to his race, I should say to him: "You are asking the wrong question. Loyalty to God may bring nothing more to you than it brought to Jesus Christ and to his disciples. His promise to them was that in the world they should have tribulation. He told them to count themselves blessed "when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." The men whom I have known who have gone into the war—and I have known a good many from various classes of society—have gone in a different spirit. They have laid aside their hopes of preferment, their ambitions, their anticipated successes, and have offered their lives, though all have not died, in order that they might give life and liberty to others. The problem for the Christian man—by which I mean the man possessed of the Christ spirit—is always, not what can I get out of the world, but what can I give to the world; how can I so live that the world will be richer, happier, better, because I have lived in it?

But if this question were asked me, not by the Negro, but by the white man; if he were to say, What can we do and what ought we to do that this tenth of our population may share with the rest of the world in the benefits which this terrible experience of self-sacrifice is bringing into the world? I should answer: What we can do and what we ought to do is to make our country more spiritually democratic. We can strive, and we ought to strive, to create not merely such laws, but such public spirit, that every man in the country, rich or poor, wise or ignorant, white or black, will have a fair chance to support himself and his family by honest industry, to get for himself and his children the best possible education which they are capable of receiving, to have untrammeled liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and to be permitted to acquire such a position in the community and such a self-development in himself as will entitle him to a share in the government of the Nation.

I wish you would comment in The Outlook some day on what Jesus meant when he said, "Many are called, but few are chosen." J. H. F.

This verse occurs twice in the New Testament—in Matthew xx. 16 and Matthew xxii. 14. I incline to the opinion, which is as old as Calvin, that in the first of these two places the phrase has been added by a copyist. In the second of the two places the meaning is fairly plain. All men are invited by God to enter his home and become his children, but only those are chosen as his comrades and co-workers who accept this invitation and give themselves freely and of their own accord loyally to his service by their service of his children. LYMAN ABBOTT.

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WHAT ABOUT THE BOLSHEVIKI?

A POLL OF INTERNATIONAL OPINION

THE WILSON PROPOSAL

FEW Americans defend the Russian Bolsheviki. Mr. Jerome Davis, described as the "Senior Secretary in charge of all the war work of the Y. M. C. A. in Russia," would seem to be one, for he says, as reported: "To crush out the Bolsheviki would be impossible *were it desirable.*"

Other people think of the Bolsheviki as does ex-President Taft:

> Their doctrines show by actual practice that the world belongs to the lowest proletariat, and that everybody with thrift, good clothes and a clean shave, and an effort to make himself better should be killed. . . .
>
> If they are going to kill the progressive element in the world, then the only thing for the progressive element, in dealing with the Bolsheviki, to do is to kill them.

The Russian Bolsheviki, affirms the Spokane "Spokesman-Review," are "like the bandarlog, the monkey people of India, as Rudyard Kipling describes the disgusting antics of a simian colony in the jungle. Producing nothing, they fall upon stores of food, eating a little and befouling the rest." But, says this newspaper in the State of Washington, the "Bolshevik régime is slipping and knows it," if we may believe the report that "the former Bolshevik 'Ambassador' at London has sent a note to President Wilson declaring that the Bolshevik Government is willing to cease its world propaganda if the Allies will enter into peace negotiations with it."

Accordingly, because of the insistence of an American President and a British Premier, the Allies made the following demands:

> All Russian factions must cease hostilities prior to February 15.
>
> Aggressive military action within Russia will cease and troops will be withdrawn.
>
> Representatives of all Russian and Siberian factions will meet representatives of the Allied forces at Princes' Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, on February 15, there to discuss the Russian situation.

This announcement caused the greater amazement, as just before it was made M. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, declared that "the French Government will make no contract with crime." The Bolsheviki, he asserted, could not possibly develop a government, since they were supported "solely by the lowest passions of anarchical expression" and could not claim to be recognized. Hence, thinks the New York "Times," there must have been "some marked change in the prospects and position of the Bolsheviki. . . . If it be true that the Bolsheviki have nearly run their race, then the plan adopted by the Allies becomes intelligible."

GERMAN OPINION

German opinion may be significant. Let us take that of Paul Rohrbach, a leading publicist. He writes:

> There is for us no greater interest in the east than the interest of maintaining Bolshevism. . . . The Bolsheviki are ruining Great Russia; they are destroying absolutely the very roots of any possible danger from Russia in the future. . . . We ought to do everything in order that they may continue, as long as possible, activities which are so very profitable to us.

ENGLISH OPINION

The London "Daily News" says: "Wilson's magnificently phrased resolution raises the whole Russian question to a broader and loftier plane," while the London "Times" thinks the President's proposal evidently the product of previous consultation and agreement, and that there is a clear, consistent, and humane principle discernible in it. The "Times" recognizes that its success is doubtful. "But," it adds, "even it it fails, we shall feel better for having made it."

The "Chronicle" says that the proposal's phraseology is extremely Wilsonian, but its substance does not seem to differ materially from that of Lloyd George, made some weeks ago. The "Chronicle" continues:

> We rather regret the phrase in the document which might suggest that the Allies ignored the very different record of the rival Russian leaders. The alliance of General Denikin and his friends, for instance, never ceased at the greatest risk and sacrifice to remain loyally at war with Germany, while the Bolsheviki repudiated every Allied obligation and went on to treat us as enemies. It was necessary for the purposes of the Conference that we should make quite plain our desire not to stand in the way of any internal reconciliation between Russians, but we should beware of speaking as if we were at all indifferent to the loyalty which some Russians have shown toward us.

Other London papers, like the "Telegraph," deem the proposal politically hazardous and ethically wrong. The "Morning Post" remarks that the moral distinction between inviting a shadowy person to your house and meeting him at the seaside has always been recognized in the civilized West, while the "Daily Despatch" says:

> We have failed to discover any Briton or Ally who owned to a feeling of admiration or confidence in the curiously irresolute resolution adopted on President Wilson's recommendation in regard to Russia. Weak, hopelessly weak, was the general opinion of this purely academic policy.

FRENCH OPINION

As might be expected, the Paris press, with the exception of the extreme Socialist "Humanité," is a unit against the proposal. The "Humanité" asserts:

> The Social Democrats of the whole world will read President Wilson's proposals with the deepest joy. President Wilson speaks the language which we and the workers of the civilized globe have been waiting for.

The "Temps" inquires:

> How did the Bolsheviki obtain power in Russia in November, 1917? By promising to make peace immediately—that is to say, by leaving the Allies in the west confronted with the entire German forces. They subsequently executed this programme of treason, and we know what it has cost us—the Germans nearly reached the shores of the Channel and Paris was nearly taken. Our troops were killed by the hundreds of thousands. It is proposed to receive these traitors on the same footing as our faithful friends.

The "Journal des Débats" says:

> The greater number of Russians on whom the choice of the non-Bolshevik groups would fall have had relatives assassinated and tortured by Lenine's order. The prospect of coming to sit beside the executioners of their relatives is not inviting to them.

RUSSIAN OPINION

No Russian opinion, not even Bolshevist, is flatly favorable. The Foreign Minister of the Bolshevist "Government," Tchitcherin, thought the islands too remote and isolated for such a meeting. He added that the proposition is made "at a time when the Bolsheviki are victorious over their opponents and the internal situation of Russia has been settled;" nevertheless his Government "will carefully consider the proposal." The Bolshevist emissary to Sweden says:

> Of the meeting itself, . . . I doubt if any result will come from it. It will serve only to enable every party to make known its views and aspirations. The Soviet Government, in my opinion, will make it a positive condition for its participation that full and uncensored publicity be given the discussions, which is just what the Entente will not consent to.

Sergius Sazonoff, Russian Foreign Minister under the old régime, and now representing the Governments of Yekaterinodar and Omsk, declares that he will not participate in the meeting, and adds:

> It is being universally recognized that there is only one remedy for overcoming Bolshevism and preventing its spread outside Russia, namely, to crush it by force. We ask to be allowed to use force.
>
> We strongly urge an expedition of volunteers, but in order not to involve the responsibility of the Powers, we do not insist on such expedition being organized by the Powers themselves, asking only authorization to raise the volunteers ourselves and to be allowed to enlist them in different European countries.

M. Sazonoff cites as examples of this

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the Peninsular War, the Garibaldi campaign, the Boer War, the war in the Balkans, and other conflicts. He asked:

> Why should we not also be allowed to raise a volunteer army for . . . freeing our country from a band of malefactors who . . . are setting at naught all principles of right and personal freedom? We do not even ask from the Powers any financial assistance, as the governments already constituted, of which we represent two of over forty million people, will float a loan which undoubtedly will be well received, and every one knows the immense resources of Russia.

Says Prince Lvoff, former Russian Premier:

> We never thought that the Conference would begin its peace work by renewing relations with our tyrants. The Bolsheviki have won their greatest victory in Paris. The decision of the Council is of danger, not only to us, but to the whole world.

When informed that the Allies had invited the Bolsheviki to a conference, Paul Milyukov, ex-Foreign Minister in the Provisional Government, had this to say:

> The Bolsheviki are in no wise representative of the Russian people. They are robbers and cutthroats; mad dogs who wish to bite others so that all may be mad.

Mr. A. J. Sack, the Director of the Russian Information Bureau, declares:

> The fundamental fault in the Allied decision regarding Russia is that they have evidently undertaken to decide the fate of Russia without consulting the Russians themselves.

The Russian Economic League interprets the proposal as follows:

> Such an act of unfriendliness towards all loyal and true-to-the-Allies elements of the Russian people can be explained in two ways only: either by a monstrous misunderstanding, or by an intentional unwillingness on the part of the authors of this proposal even in some future time to see Russia great again, united and free, instead of divided, weakened, and deprived of significance and a worthy voice among the nations of the world.

The Union of Russian Engineers, the Association of Russian army and navy officers in the United States, and the Committee of Russian National Defense publish similar opinions, adding that it is also contrary to Russian national dignity to meet the Allied representatives "somewhere in the back yard of Europe."

Basil Maklakof, the latest Russian Ambassador accredited to France, reports that all Russians in Paris feel deeply humiliated by the proposal. The Ambassador adds that "a party truce and cessation of hostilities, as requested by the Allies, can have only one result—the hampering of the armies which are about to liberate northern Russia."

Finally, Madame Breshkovsky, the "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," remarks:

> I pity President Wilson. I am sure his heart is in the right place and that he desires to do what is right by Russia. But can he do so when he is surrounded by influence which may not be over-friendly?

AMERICAN OPINION

The Truth About Russia Committee—a committee of extreme radicals—indorses the proposal, alleging that Lenine is a man with whom the Allies can deal, for he has "always advocated the policy of compromise, and has been prepared to conciliate the Western Powers by redeeming Russian loans."

The New York "World" thus scolds Russian critics:

> This is a poor time for any Russian or the representative of any Russian group to undertake to give orders or deliver ultimatums to Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States. The Allies did not invent Bolshevism in Russia, and they are not recognizing Bolshevism as a form of government, but they are obliged to recognize it as a fact because it is a fact. No groups of Russian moderates and conservatives can be permitted to take the ground that they are so pure and impeccable that it is impossible for them to attend a conference called by the associated Powers to consider Russian affairs, or to issue a mandate that any other particular element of this heterogeneous and incapable population must be excluded.

At least we can do one thing, counsels the New York "American:" "Let us not sacrifice one more American life in Russia." It thus recalls history:

> The President resisted to the last moment the demands of the Allies that we should send an armed force into Russia. When he did yield, it was with many misgivings. But the war is over. Why do we stay there? It must be apparent that the President's original judgment was right; that we never ought to have gone in.

It concludes:

> We are entirely content that in Russia—
>
> "They may take who have the power
> And they may keep who can."

On the other hand, George Kennan, who stands supreme among Americans as an authority on Russia, thus expresses the majority opinion in this country concerning the proposal:

> It would admit . . . unrepentant Bolshevist murderers, who ought long ago to have been tried . . . and hanged. . . . It would put the stamp of toleration on such acts of violation and outrage as those committed by the Germans in Belgium.
>
> If Lloyd George believes that delegates from the Bolsheviki are worthy of admittance to the Peace Conference, he is in violent disagreement with his own Ambassador to Russia, Sir George Buchanan, who witnessed the rise of the Bolsheviki to power, and who now joins Ambassador Noulens [of France] and Foreign Minister Pichon in denouncing them as cold-blooded murderers and traitors to the Allies, whose atrocious crimes "should place them outside the pale of humanity."

Through the proposal, George W. Wickersham, ex-United States Attorney-General, says,

> Bolshevism is elevated to the same plane as the governments of Omsk, Archangel, and other districts which have been striving to establish foci of social order wherein some protection should be afforded to life, liberty, and property as against the anarchy, confiscation, torture, and murder which characterize Bolshevism.

In the United States Senate Mr. Myers, of Montana (Dem.), declared:

> The Bolsheviki practice every known form of criminality and have invented some new forms of crime. They have decreed that hereafter all women of Russia should be kept in common for the common use of all men in Russia, and that all children are to be raised by the state just like a lot of cattle. I am greatly disappointed that the Powers in conference have consented to deal with the Bolsheviki. That act will bring joy to the heart of every I. W. W., every enemy of organized society within the United States. It will be a violation of every principle for which the United States and the Entente Allies have fought for in this war.

The Colorado Springs "Gazette" thus summarizes the conclusion of most men and newspapers:

> The war will not be over until martial measures have been pressed to the limit against whatever apostles of terrorism there yet remain between the Caucasus and the Arctic Ocean.

The Rev. Dr. George Albert Simons, Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Russia and pastor of the American Church in Petrograd since 1907, has cabled the following message to President Wilson:

> Recently left Russia, where I spent eleven years. Know Bolshevism to be avowedly anti-Ally, anti-humanitarian, anti-Christian, anti-Russian. Consider it greatest menace to world peace, world democracy, civilization, and sanctity of home. Therefore must earnestly hope Peace Conference will not pollute itself by recognizing Russia's greatest foe. Christian America and Christian Russia can fitly express their sentiment in this critical hour by quoting Second Corinthians, sixth chapter, verses 14 to 18.

The text mentioned is as follows:

> Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?
>
> And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?
>
> And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.
>
> Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you,
>
> And will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.

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THE STRUGGLE OF RUSSIAN DEMOCRACY WITH BOLSHEVIST TYRANNY[1]

BY GEORGE KENNAN

ONE of the most interesting and instructive documents that have recently come from Russia is the account by Colonel Vladimir I. Lebedeff of the heroic fight made last summer against the Bolsheviki in the upper part of the Volga River basin by the Czechoslovaks and the patriotic people of eastern Russia. The document is interesting and instructive, not only because it furnishes accurate and trustworthy information with regard to the Bolsheviki and the attitude of the Russian people toward them, but because it shows that with a very little help from the Allies—even a few regiments, with a supply of arms and ammunition—the Czechoslovaks and the so-called "People's Army" of eastern Russia would probably have taken Moscow and ended the rule of the Bolsheviki as long ago as last August.

At the beginning of the world war Colonel Lebedeff, a veteran officer of the Russian army, was living, as a political refugee, in Paris. Perceiving, as he did, that the triumph of German militarism would endanger democratic institutions throughout the world, he immediately enlisted as a private soldier in the French army. In the course of two and a half years of service on the French and Macedonian fronts he was wounded several times, was promoted to the rank of officer, and was decorated with the Croix de Guerre for distinguished gallantry in action. When the Russian Revolution broke out in March, 1917, he returned to Petrograd and was appointed Secretary for the Navy Department under the Provisional Government. In July, 1917, he was one of the leaders of the force that suppressed the Bolshevist revolt; but when, shortly afterward, the Kerensky Government refused to adopt the severe repressive measures against the Bolsheviki that he recommended he tendered his resignation. For a time he co-operated with Madame Breshkovsky in the editorial management of a patriotic newspaper called "Volia Naroda" (The Will of the People); but in the spring of 1918, when the sane and patriotic elements of the population formed a "Union for the Resurrection of Russia" and began to arm themselves for resistance to the Bolsheviki, Colonel Lebedeff went to the Volga River region to organize what was afterward called the People's Army.

Just at that time the first collision occurred between the Bolsheviki and the prisoners of war from Austria known as the Czechoslovaks. The latter, after the conclusion of the disgraceful treaty of peace at Brest-Litovsk, determined to make their way across Siberia to Vladivostok and there take ship for Italy, or France, where they could join in the fight against the Government that had formerly oppressed and conscripted them. Some of them had been armed and organized by the Provisional Government to fight the Germans, others had armed themselves by buying rifles from the deserting Russian soldiers who drifted back from the front; but most of them were insufficiently equipped and their supply of ammunition was very scanty. When in May, 1918, these Czechoslovaks started eastward toward the Pacific, they were held up by the Bolsheviki, who had received orders from the Central Powers to disarm and detain them. This led to a series of conflicts between the Czechoslovaks and the Bolsheviki which extended all along the Trans-Siberian Railway from European Russia to Vladivostok. Despite their inadequate equipment and their lack of ammunition, they defeated the Red Guard of the Bolsheviki almost everywhere, and before the end of the summer they had taken away from the latter the whole line of the Trans-Siberian Railway from the Urals to Lake Baikal. In the Volga River region they joined forces with the so-called People's Army of the Union for the Resurrection of Russia, and together they attacked and captured on June 8 the large and important city of Samara. There, under the direction of a committee of the dispersed Constituent Assembly, the patriotic, pro-Ally Russians set up an independent government, whose authority was soon recognized by all the anti-Bolshevist forces of eastern Russia, including the Czechoslovaks and the Cossacks of Orenburg and the Urals.

On the 10th of June a small force of Russians and Czechoslovaks, consisting of only fifteen hundred men, drove four thousand Bolshevik troops out of Syzran, while on the 15th an equally small force captured the city of Stavropol, and thus acquired control of a large territory on both sides of the Volga River. Early in July the Bolsheviki were driven out of the town of Ufa, where another independent government was organized,[1] and on the 21st of that same month a few battalions of the People's Army, with a howitzer detachment and a battery of light field guns, made a forced march of nearly ninety miles in five days, attacked the Bolshevist stronghold of Simbirsk, and, with the support of the Czechoslovaks, carried it by assault, driving out about seven thousand Bolshevik troops well equipped with artillery and machine guns. As the result of about six weeks' fighting they had thus captured six or eight cities or large towns, including Samara, Syzran, Ufa, Stavropol, and Simbirsk, and had gained control of two hundred miles of the Volga River with two important bridges. And all this, Colonel Lebedeff says, the Czechoslovaks and the People's Army accomplished almost literally with bare hands. "With bare hands we obtained first rifles, then cartridges; and, having both, we secured machine guns and light artillery, and still later heavy artillery. All this we took away from our enemies, who greatly surpassed us in man power and equipment."

The people of Simbirsk welcomed their deliverers with as much joy as the people of eastern Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine showed, four or five months later, when the Allied troops marched in on the heels of the retiring Germans. The women organized a Women's Aid Society for the People's Army, patriotic citizens raised a fund of 5,500,000 rubles for its support, and even the workmen in the factories gave part of their wages to help pay the expenses of the new Government. Meanwhile peasants from all the surrounding villages flocked into Simbirsk and begged the officers of the People's Army to give them guns and help them to organize volunteer units for the fight against the Bolsheviki. Unfortunately, the officers had no guns to spare. But even without weapons the people were determined to overthrow their oppressors. Revolts against the Bolsheviki broke out in the towns of Volsk, Petrovsk, Atkarsk, Rubinsk, Vladimir, Yaroslavl, and Murom, and desperate fighting was carried on by the peasants in the *uyezds* of Nikolaievsk and Novo-Uzensk. The uprisings in Yaroslavl and Murom were temporarily successful; but in most places the half-armed people were mercilessly slaughtered with artillery and machine guns. "In one instance," says Colonel Lebedeff, "in the village of Semenikha, the Red Guards shot about a hundred young peasants and forced old men to dig graves for their sons, killed in the presence of their families." Murom and Yaroslavl were finally recaptured by the Bolsheviki, after artillery fire had reduced them to ruins and filled their streets with heaps of dead.

During all this time the Czechoslovaks, the People's Army and the almost defenseless peasantry were expecting help from the Allies. They had heard of a proclamation issued in Archangel by the American Ambassador, David Francis, in which he called upon the Russian people to fight the Bolsheviki, pledging the aid of the Allies."[1] Commandant Alphonse Guinet, French military adviser of the Czech National Council, had also promised help, and had asked the Czechoslovaks and the People's Army to continue their operations in eastern Russia, and to hold the Volga River front until the arrival of the Allies, who would

[1] "The Russian Democracy in Its Struggle Against Bolshevist Tyranny," by Colonel Vladimir I. Lebedeff. Russian Information Bureau, Woolworth Building, New York. 44 pp., with an excellent map of European and Asiatic Russia.

[1] Afterward transferred to Omsk, in western Siberia.

[1] This proclamation, if issued, was not telegraphed to the United States.

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"come very soon." "We were certain we could execute this plan," says Colonel Lebedeff, "since we knew of the landing of Allied troops in Murmansk and Archangel, and of their battles and movements toward Vologda. . . . The repeated promises of the Allies to help us with an army and ammunition had not yet been fulfilled; but our hopes for the arrival of Allied troops, strengthened by official statements from the Allies, were so great that we did not for a moment doubt their realization."

"In Simbirsk," Colonel Lebedeff says, "we met Captain Borde, an officer of the French army, who had just arrived from Kazan, having been sent here by General Laverne, the French Military Attaché in Russia. He informed us of the fact that the Allies were approaching Vologda and that it was necessary to capture Kazan as soon as possible, in order to meet the Allied forces by way of Viatka. He said the Allied forces would move from Vologda to Viatka. I sent him in an airplane to Samara, to our Commander-in-Chief, General Chechek, who, after a conference with him, gave his permission to attempt the capture of Kazan."

I have not space for Colonel Lebedeff's interesting account of the way in which this largest and most important city on the Volga was taken by three hundred Serbians, three companies of the People's Army, and four companies of Czechoslovaks, with a flotilla of armed barges on the river and a single 37-millimeter field gun. It was, as Colonel Lebedeff justly says, "a remarkable act of heroism," inasmuch as Kazan was garrisoned by eight thousand Bolshevist soldiers, who were abundantly supplied with artillery, armored cars, and machine guns, and who were commanded by General Vatseitis, "a graduate of the Academy of the General Staff and one of the most prominent generals in the Soviet army."

In Kazan, Colonel Lebedeff says, the Czechoslovaks and the People's Army "captured more than 1,000,000 pounds of gold, 100,000,000 rubles in paper currency, all the platinum in the Russian banks, a great quantity of silver, and an enormous sum in securities which had been brought there [by the Bolsheviki] from all the principal banks of Russia. All this I immediately forwarded to Samara, and thence to Omsk. Moreover, we also captured a large amount of heavy and light artillery and a great quantity of food supplies. But more important to us than all this was the great enthusiasm with which the population welcomed us. The magic words 'On to Moscow!' roused in the people a belief in the future of Russia. It is enough to say that after the capture of Kazan there were uprisings in the cities and counties of Chistopol, Laishev, Spass, Tsarevokokshaisk, Urzhumsk, Nolimsk, and in several southern counties of the province of Viatka. Peasant risings against the Bolsheviki spread over a vast territory. Whole detachments as well as individuals of the Red Army were killed by the peasants.

"Villages and entire counties sent delegations asking us to help them, mainly with rifles for the purpose of organizing local units of the People's Army. Unfortunately, we had found in Kazan anything but rifles. We sent representatives of the new Government and commanders to all the cities and counties. Most of these cities had successfully mobilized their youths born in 1897 and 1898, but we could not equip the recruits with arms. In spite of it, we continued the mobilization in the hope that help would soon come from the Allies. At the same time 20,000 workingmen of Izhevsk revolted against the Soviets. They had a few cannon, and together with the peasants and former soldiers they organized more than a hundred units for the struggle against the Bolsheviki. These volunteer units captured the cities of Sarapul and Elabuga, the Votinski plant, and proceeded toward Perm. They kept on fighting for about three months, until, according to the latest Russian newspaper reports that reached us in November, they were surrounded by the Bolsheviki and had to yield for lack of reinforcements. Their fate was horrible indeed. . . .

"At that time [after the capture of Kazan] the position of the Soviets was critical. The news of our success reached Moscow, and Nijni Novgorod was evacuated. We heard that trenches were being dug around Moscow, and that the Bolshevist commissaries were discussing their resignation. In Moscow were stationed only one 'international' battalion and two battalions of Chinese. The rest of the Bolshevist forces had been sent to the Volga front. The population waited impatiently for us, and if only the promised aid had come, or if we only had had two more regiments, we would have advanced on Nijni Novgorod and the entire situation would have been different; but we had no reserves. As a matter of fact, we had been fighting one against five, and often against ten. . . . We were fully convinced that the Allies would come to our assistance. That is the reason we continued to work for the general cause, holding the large Volga front extending from Kazan to Khvaluinsk, despite the small number of our men. If we had only known that the fifty thousand Japanese and American soldiers who disembarked at Vladivostok did not intend to come to our help in the immediate future, and that the holding of our front would be left to us and the Czechs, it is quite possible that, instead of trying to open a way to Vladivostok and to build a front seven thousand versts long and five hundred versts wide, we would have concentrated our forces on the Volga front and moved on to Moscow immediately after the capture of Kazan, in July or August. The fate of Russia would then have been a different one, for with the fall of Moscow the Soviet power would have disappeared. We would have had enough troops for the advance on Moscow if we had not had to defend the Volga front while awaiting the arrival of the Allies."

It is a deplorable fact that, although "only two more regiments" were needed for the advance on Moscow, our Russian allies were left in the lurch. The Entente force at Archangel did what it could to aid them, but it was not strong enough to push through to Vologda and Viatka so as to form a junction with them, and the expected help from the American and Japanese troops in Vladivostok did not come. The Russians and Czechoslovaks, therefore, were compelled to abandon Kazan, after holding the city for thirty-four days, and the opportunity to overthrow the Bolsheviki was lost. Trotsky brought large reinforcements to the Volga from the German front, and the People's Army was compelled to relinquish most of the territory that it had gained and leave the inhabitants thereof to the tender mercies of the Red Guard.

Why American troops, in particular, were not sent to Siberia early in the summer, why, when they finally were sent, they were apparently ordered to remain near the Pacific seaboard, and why no attempt was made, either by the United States or by Japan, to supply the loyal Russians with arms and ammunition, President Wilson probably knows better than anybody else. As early as May, 1918, he must have been aware that Japan was ready to send six divisions of her regular army to Siberia as part of an Allied expeditionary force, and that she only awaited the approval and co-operation of the Government of the United States. At the same time, the President was repeatedly urged by loyal Russians here, by Constitutional Democrats and the older revolutionists in Russia, and by individual students of Russian affairs in other parts of the world to support openly and vigorously the patriotic men who were bravely carrying on an unequal fight with Bolsheviki and Germans combined; but he expressed doubt as to the expediency and practicability of this policy. He had not hesitated to throw the weight of his influence and power against President Huerta in Mexico when he thought that the latter had secured his position by conniving at the murder of Madero; but he was not willing to oppose Lenine and Trotsky when they had secured their position by forcibly dispersing the Constituent Assembly, and when there was abundant evidence to show that they were responsible, not merely for one murder, but for hundreds. He seemed to think that the Bolshevik traitors and terrorists constituted one political "faction" and the majority of the Russian people another. Apparently he did not at that time see any particular difference between them, so far as honor, loyalty, and morality were concerned, and he was unwilling to take sides in what he regarded as merely a "factional" struggle for power. Late in the summer he did consent to the sending of a small American force to Vladivostok; but it was apparently to protect American property there rather than to aid the people of Siberia in their fight against the Bolsheviki and the Germans.

The President still manifests this inability to discriminate between the "faction" of Lenine and Trotsky, which

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is ruling by means of mass terrorism, and the "factions" of Tchaykovsky, Denikin, and Kolchak, which are fighting for freedom, democracy, and human rights. He therefore sees no reason why the murderers from Moscow and the relatives of their victims in Omsk, Ekaterinodar, and Archangel should not meet amicably on one of the Princes' Islands, sit down together at a peace table, and talk out their differences before an umpire. He seems to think that Sazonoff, Milyukov, Tchaykovsky, Denikin, Kolchak, Prince Lvoff, and Baron Korff will show an unreasonable and "factional" spirit if they refuse to meet delegates from the "bloody chiefs at Moscow and Petrograd" and discuss with them the questions whether murder is justifiable and whether slaughter and terrorism are legitimate means of government. The brother of Maklakof, the Russian Ambassador in Paris, has been killed by the Bolsheviki, and probably half the prominent men in the "factional" governments of Omsk, Ekaterinodar, and Archangel are mourning the death of murdered relatives or friends. Should they be expected to meet delegates from the murderers? Would President Wilson or Lloyd George do it if either of them were in Maklakof's place? The difference between such a man as Prince Lvoff and such a man as Trotsky is not a "factional" difference; it is the difference that exists, and that must always exist, between righteousness and crime.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(MEMORIAL DAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1919)

BY SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE

Half-mast the flag, and let the bell be tolled:
A tower of strength he was, whose presence drew
The people around him, and to-day is rolled
A wave of unaccustomed sorrow through
The land he loved; whatever now be said,
The latest great American is dead.

How quick he slipped from us—this man of might,
Heroic courage, life-abounding ways!
When God's great angel in the silent night
Brought, though invisible to others' gaze,
Some whispered message, he obedient heard,
Left all, and followed him without a word.

We loved this man who loved not fame, or wealth,
But service, first; not perfect, or divine,
But humanlike, and full of moral health,
And prompt to look beyond the outward sign
Of race, or creed, or party, find the plan
Of God himself, and recognize the man.

How true his vision was! And how his voice
Seemed as a breeze does on a sultry day!
Long years ago he made life's master-choice,
Like a brave knight of conscience, and alway
Dared wield the club of language clear and strong
To shield the right and batter down the wrong.

He stood for honest purposes: unroll
The record of his years, you seek in vain
For life's disfigurements—there lies the scroll,
No blots upon it, nothing to explain;
But what is worthy and to all men's sight
As open as a landscape to the light.

Farewell, great Soul! Thou surely wilt fare well
On that mysterious and adventurous way
Which thou hast gone; in those realms also dwell
Truth, right, and honor, and God's love bears sway
To these, as in our bounds of time and place,
Thou art no stranger; they will know thy face.

There Washington and Lincoln stretch to thee
The hand of welcome; they are working still
For some high end as once for liberty;
Thou art at one with them in aim and will,
The peer of them in doing well thy part,
And their companion in the Nation's heart.

So lived this man, and died, and lives again—
A white dynamic memory in the land.
Oh, what a heritage, my countrymen!
He'll plead forever now, with voice and hand,
Our righteous causes, and his power will grow.
Cease tolling, bell, and let the bugles blow!

Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts.

AN AMERICAN NOËL

HOW AN AMERICAN MILITARY HOSPITAL IN A FRENCH VALLEY CELEBRATED THE CHRISTMAS OF VICTORY

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM FRANCE BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

*(This article, written and mailed immediately after Christmas, was delayed in transmission.—*The Editors.*)*

THOUGH the war is not yet technically at an end, this will always be remembered as the first Christmas of the new peace. It has been, in fact, more than that. It has been a fulfillment of the promise made at the approach of the first Christmas—

"He hath put down the mighty from their seats,
And hath exalted them of low degree."

That is the spirit of this season in France. There is an exultation quite above that which is commonly associated with conquerors. There have been, of course, the celebrations that might accompany any great military triumph. There has been the triumphant entry of President Wilson into France and England, with honors such as one monarch offers to another who is a royal ally. There may have been little pomp of war during the past four and a half years, but, without doubt, there has already been a good deal of pomp in this peace. On the other hand, even that pomp has been a democratic pomp. If it can be said that President Wilson was received as royally as the King of Italy, it may, with equal truth be said that the King of Italy was received as democratically as President Wilson. Yet above all this triumphant public appearance of rulers, royal and otherwise—of presidents surrounded with all the circumstance of kings, and of kings acting with all the gracious condescension of presidents—above this display of mutual congratulation on the defeat of an enemy, there is a spirit of victory that cannot be expressed in the way common to victors. The illumination of buildings, the decoration of streets

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with flags and banners, the processions, the popular demonstrations—all seem quite inadequate to express this spirit, and even in some respects seem foreign to it.

Of the people of France alone over a million men have given their lives in this war. They did not die simply that military or political leaders might enjoy a triumph; and those millions in France who have lost these men—fathers, husbands, brothers, sons—can hardly be expected to find these triumphant displays a fit expression of their feelings, even if, with outward *gaieté*, they participate in the demonstrations. Those men, nevertheless, died to secure a victory, and in that victory all France exults. And what is true of the French is also true of the Americans in France. These Americans are far away from home. Many of them have seen their comrades killed. Many of them feel even now more keenly than they did when they were occupied with the hard, if mainly dull, work of war, the restrictions of military life and the hardship of being weeks away from any word from people at home. I have not happened to see many Americans here who find the ordinary military or semi-military celebrations very much to their mind. Yet there can be not a flicker of doubt that the men and women of the American Expeditionary Forces in France came here to secure a victory, are proud of the fact that the victory has been won so far as they can win it, and have every reason for participating in a celebration that really expresses their victorious spirit.

Some festivity was needed that was not military or political or, in a sense, public, and yet one in which all could participate. And no one could have had the genius to plan the festivity that actually was observed, that came, as it were, of itself—the Christmas of Victory.

Perhaps I might not have realized what a historic Christmas this was if I had not come here. I might have gone to Langres. There the President of the United States reviewed ten thousand American troops on Christmas Day. That event will be recorded in American history. It was the first time an American President has reviewed American troops on foreign soil. It was undoubtedly unprecedented, spectacular, impressive. Some account of it has probably appeared in every daily newspaper in America, and in some newspapers the accounts have been detailed and vivid. In the textbooks of history which the American school-children of the future will study that American pageant at Langres, near the head-waters of the River Meuse, will probably be recorded as the greatest celebration of victory and the most significant observance of Christmas, 1918. But the very fact that it was public, spectacular, military, made it less significant as the celebration of the real spirit of victory in France and less typical of this most significant Christmas than many a Christmas gathering in the American camps and billets that are now scattered throughout a large part of France.

It is in one of those camps that I am writing this. If you were motoring along an American road and passed by a camp like this, you might think it was meant for a big construction gang on a railway. It would be really too big for that, however, for there are between two and three hundred shacks longer than bowling-alleys. They look as if they might be storehouses. They are temporary buildings; low, unpainted, covered with what looks like tar-paper roofing, and built of standard sections, appearing consequently to any observer very much alike. They are set in rows. In some of the spaces between the rows are tents of moderate size. There are no trees near by. The main part of the camp, which consists of five hospital units, is on the slightly sloping land which connects a valley with the ridge that forms one of its boundaries. The valley is pleasant enouh. In summer, I am told, it is beautiful; but at this time of year it is dreary, for the clouds seem to nest here. Everything is wet, for during this month, at least, it has not stopped raining long enough for the moisture on the ground, the trees, the buildings, to evaporate. For a few hours on Christmas and the next day it froze, and a film of snow covered the ground and outlined the trees in white; but that soon disappeared, and was replaced with the familiar black and dull brown of mud and bark and tar roofing. Such is the external setting for the Christmas celebration that seemed to me to have more significance than the Presidential pageant at Langres.

To reach this camp from Paris I had to show my Army pass and receive a permit to leave the Paris station; then I had a six-hour journey by rail in a crowded train; then, when I left the train, I had to "register out" with the military police at the station by showing my pass and signing my name; then I had a ride of thirty miles in a military motor car to the camp. People at home have very little idea of the difficulties of traveling in France. I reached here Christmas Eve.

The interiors of the camp buildings are in their essentials almost as primitive as their exteriors. The room in which I am writing contains three iron beds, a table and washstand and shelves made out of packing-boxes and crates, a stove set up on cinders to keep it insulated from the wooden floor, and a miscellaneous collection of half a dozen chairs. The officers' mess-hall, the ward buildings, the Red Cross huts, the long shack used as administration headquarters, are all constructed in the same way, with wooden or beaver-board partitions, and such furniture as can be made from rough material. But on Christmas Eve the officers' mess-shack was decorated with sprays of ivy and pine. After mess I went with some of the officers to the Christmas Eve festivity at the nurses' Red Cross hut. It was a most cheerful scene that I saw as I came in out of the rain and mud. The walls were covered with Christmas greens, and around the base of the Christmas tree in the center of the room were packages tied with bright ribbons. There was a gift for every one there, with a verse or other inscription. The gifts were trinkets—a doll's dishpan, a toy horse, and the like. One officer who had expressed a perfect readiness, now that the war was over, to return to civil life, received something that no American soldier needs—a pair of garters. Many of the inscriptions had reference to incidents concerning the recipients with which the staff of the hospital were familiar. Some of the inscriptions were witty, such as one in parody of verses by Rossetti. There was laughter and chaffing. It was like a big family gathering in an American home. Later, the Christmas tree was pushed to one side of the hall for a dance, in which neighboring officers of the line were among the guests.

The next morning I was just waking when I heard the sound of music; it was a Christmas carol outside the open window of the shack. Rarely have I heard Christmas music so beautiful. I could distinguish the tones of a violin above the sound of men's and women's voices, and, underneath, the harmonies of an organ. The tones of the organ, the voices, and the violin blended so fully that the effect was almost orchestral. Could any Christmas begin more happily? Could the observance of the Christmas of Victory begin more fittingly? As I dressed and went to mess there still sounded in my ears "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." I learned that the officer who played the violin, the enlisted man who played the portable organ, and the nurses, the chaplain, and the enlisted men who sang had risen at half-past five so as to sing these carols in every ward and outside every barrack. On my return from breakfast I found on my bed what every officer in the unit found on his—a pair of woolen socks from the Red Cross, filled with goodies. There were nuts, a cornucopia of candy, a jar of jam, and such other things as a man at home might find in the sock he hangs each Christmas Eve beside the kiddies' stockings. At ten o'clock Christmas morning there was a simple and moving church service in the enlisted men's Red Cross hut. An enlisted man, the one who had played the organ, a very good musician, now played the piano as only a man with musical inventiveness can play it, accompanying a small choir of men and nurses. The congregation, chiefly men, joined heartily and genuinely in the prayers, the hymns, and the readings of Scripture. Above the heads of the congregation were the flimsy rafters and the deal boards of the roof of the shack. The floor was bare. The pews were plain benches without backs. The members of the congregation (with the exception of the nurses) wore the olive drab of the American uniform. The order of service was that of the Book of Common Prayer, through which the chaplain guided the men. The hymns were all the familiar Christmas hymns of the Church universal. I wonder if anywhere in the world the victory of the right was celebrated more appropriately than in that rough board shack on the frozen mud of

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a French valley and under the dull gray skies of a French December. It was a celebration, to my mind, more historic than that which was occurring at the same hour at Langres, where troops in full equipment were passing in review. And as I sat on a bench beside a doughboy and shared his hymnal I pictured to myself the other services like this one, in shacks like this shack, filled with Americans like these Americans, congregations of those who had come to France to dedicate their lives to justice and liberty, and who had won the victory; and I wished that every one who had sacrificed son, or brother, or husband, or father, or friend, in that cause could have been in some one or another of those congregations, for there, I believe, the victory was celebrated as it could not be on the reviewing field, or by the street procession, or even at home.

In the afternoon I had the privilege of calling at three or four of the wards and wishing a happy Christmas to a few of the several hundred patients. Men in the army, as in civil life, have colds and other ailments, and when they are ill there is no place so good for them as a hospital. It was hard luck, perhaps, for these men to have to spend their Christmas as patients in a hospital ward; but their Christmas was far from being a doleful one. Each ward had its Christmas tree and competed with every other ward for supremacy in attractiveness of Christmas decorations. One man, I remember, who was slowly recovering from wounds, but was still so weak that he had to lie almost motionless in bed, had a special Christmas tree of his own. Most of the men were apparently enjoying as close an approximation to a Merry Christmas as it is possible for men in a hospital ward to have.

At about half-past three the nurses poured tea for their friends; and there was dancing. Then at six o'clock, when the bugle sounded the call for mess, officers and nurses gathered at the nurses' mess-hall for the Christmas dinner. No one who has not had the experience can imagine quite what it is to have an American Christmas dinner in a shack in France. There were place-cards for each one, and a gayly decorated programme and menu. There were turkey and celery and chestnut dressing and real American apple pie and real American cheese; and there was a cake which a big major, a celebrity of former days on the college football field, cut amid the chaffing and plaudits of his fellow-officers; and there were Christmas messages read. I could almost imagine myself at home.

And up and down those tables sat men and women who had been in the presence of death for months. Some of the officers had lived in dugouts and trenches and the cellars of ruined houses; had known the almost intolerable pain of the gas mask pressing on the forehead till the top of the head seems ready to burst, and had worked over the wounded with their eyes glazed by that mask; had learned to sleep under the incessant roar of artillery, and to dress the wounds of men while shells burst over them. One of them, for instance, was in the room of a house with another officer when he heard the whiz of a coming shell, and dived for the cellar door just as the shell landed in the room and burst. Creeping out in the dark, he felt around for the body of his companion, and his hand touched a soft, wet mass. Withdrawing to the cellar, where there was a light, he looked at his hand, and found it smeared with—coffee! His companion had escaped. This officer also in a fourteen-hour period of work at a field hospital at the front with four other officers attended to the wounds of fifteen hundred men. Other officers present had seen the French soldiers coming out from their fight against the overwhelming German tide down from the Chemin des Dames, and then had gone in with the American troops that Foch used first to hold and then to turn back that German tide that never ceased to recede from that time till the end. And around that table were officers who had done the no less self-sacrificing work of a base hospital, who know what it means to receive a convoy of the wounded in pitch-darkness because the slightest light would serve as a guide for the Boche airman that does not hesitate to bomb hospitals. And there was the nurse whose brother was killed and who has no one left in America to receive her home. And there were other nurses whose skill and care in this community of shacks had pulled through thousands of men, hundreds of whom had been on the road to death, and had made easy the road to death for the few score who could not be saved. These are the people, men and women, regarding themselves only a few months ago as civilians, and like the overwhelming majority of the rest of the American Army, still regarding their military experience as only an episode in the civilian life they intend to resume, who restored to life ninety-nine out of every hundred of the men who came under their care. And now, typical of the spirit of the whole American Expeditionary Forces they were making their Christmas as much as possible like a Christmas at home. Can you picture the dreary stretch of mud? Can you picture the rows of ugly flimsy shacks? Can you open the door of one of those shacks and look inside and see the candles on the white cloth, the evergreens on the walls and ceiling, the turkey, the pie, the cake, and the happy company of Americans filling the place with the spirit of home?

And then after dinner we all adjourned to another shack—the one that had the Christmas tree in it—and there two nurses and nine officers provided a Christmas night's entertainment that it is fair to call hilarious. It began with two songs by a soprano. Then one of the officers, who is an accomplished pianist, played a Chopin waltz and a gavotte by d'Albert. The end of the room was curtained off with sheets, and when the sheets were drawn aside an improvised stage was displayed with a scene (the back-drops were simply more sheets) at a British field headquarters. The play was a farce from "Punch," and it was hard to tell which was greater, the audience's enjoyment of the farce, or the actors' enjoyment of the audience's enjoyment, or the audience's enjoyment of the actors' enjoyment of the audience's enjoyment. The costumes were a wonderful adaptation of the American uniform to British style. During the intermission that followed the farce amusing signs were hung out, one after another, which served to rescue the audience from impatience. At last the curtains were drawn aside again, and the nine officers appeared as a band of Negro minstrels. It was, I think, on the whole, the most diverting I ever saw and heard. Its closest competitor was one which I attended in Queenstown given by officers and enlisted men from the naval contingent there. That may have been more professional, but this—it could not safely have been funnier. The chief feature of it, perhaps, was a quartette that sang wonderfully well. How they had secured the music they sang I do not know. One of the songs, I know, had been acquired from the memory of two of the singers, with the musicianly aid of a third and the adaptability of the fourth. The hit of the evening was a topical song which touched upon the characteristics of various members of the staff—including the commanding officer. One of the stanzas dealt good-naturedly with what is known as the O. P. L., which, being interpreted, means the Order of Permanent Lieutenants. As may not be well known at home, promotions in the lower grades of the Medical Corps have not struck the men who have been doing the hard and dangerous work here in France, and it is a sign of the spirit of the men here that they can make of that fact a subject of Christmas merriment. Another stanza recorded the progress of the knitting of a sweater which one of the nurses had started when the war—as far as this unit was concerned—began and was finishing after the war had ended. And another stanza dealt with the intricacy and utility (or inutility) of Army "paper work." When the show ended, there was no doubt that the participants and audience had had just the kind of Merry Christmas that they were wishing the home folks.

I wonder if those same home folks will realize how completely such homelike celebrations of Christmas by the Americans in France express the historic character of the day. It has not been the pageants, the processions, the military reviews, that make the Christmas season of 1918 distinctive among Christmas celebrations in history; it is rather these home festivities by people who left home to preserve all that home stands for. The victory that was thus celebrated is the victory of those things that we call homely virtues. The Americans in their shacks in France have by their festivities marked the Christmas of Victory for all time.

A Base Hospital in France,
December 29, 1918.

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WHAT THE GERMANS THINK AND SAY

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN GERMANY

"WE have won the war," said a well-dressed middle-aged German civilian in Sarrebruck, Rhine Province, to several of us Americans who were there with the French army of occupation.

"How do you make that out?" we asked.

"Why," he replied, "we have won the war because we have won the republic."

"But we haven't made sure of that yet," muttered a German student. "First we've got to get something to eat."

The student was right. Nothing can be counted settled in Germany until stomachs have been filled. The longer the people remain hungry, the more likelihood is there of a social eruption which might change the political geography of the country overnight.

We outside of Germany are wondering what political forms that country will incline to, but the Germans are wondering where they are going to get their next meal. Some of them are waving flags and expounding doctrines, but this is all rather superficial in effect. A hungry man has little interest in doctrines unless he thinks they lead to dinner.

Within ten days after the armistice was signed I went into Lorraine and Alsace—territory which was nominally German for forty-seven years, and which looked in spots as German as Germany. From there I went into occupied Germany, and also into unoccupied Germany (the Duchy of Baden). In all these places I found that the question of food outweighed everything else with the German people.

Demagogues go about preaching their theories, but the people are apathetic except as regards two things—which are really one—peace and food.

"Peace and bread!" shouts Scheidemann, imploring the country to stand together to secure these blessings.

In one sense hunger is uniting Germany, for the intelligent Germans know that they can hardly expect the Allies to feed them unless they can establish an authorized central government to deal with the Allies. Many of the soldiers went home from the front in order to work for "an integral peace," as some intellectual called it; that is, a peace for all Germany, negotiated by a central government of all Germany. The Majority Socialists, the Scheidemann crowd, have made their appeal on this basis, and it is naturally a strong appeal to a people as accustomed to the dissemination of law and order from above as the Germans are.

But, on the other hand, the fact that the people are hungry is the great argument of the Outs who want to get In. The Spartacus group, which corresponds to the Maximalists of Russia, insists that the people can never expect to be fed under such a Government as that of Ebert. "Put us in power, and you'll get your food," is the cry of every discontented element.

For one who saw the development of the Revolution in Russia it is impossible not to look for repetitions and analogies in Germany. It seems to me that there are many. The outbreak which deposed the Kaiser, like the movement which forced the abdication of the Czar, was not violent. Both were based on a popular dissatisfaction which sprang largely from military defeat (of course in Germany there was never the corruption and depravity at Court which disgusted the Russians with their monarchy.)

In both Russia and Germany the Government to succeed the deposed monarchy was made up of men who had at least tolerated autocracy under the stress of war rather than of men from the groups which had consistently fought it tooth and nail, with "No compromise" as their slogan. Ebert has not the ability of Milyukov, but he has the same tendency to pussyfoot and play safe.

And in both Russia and Germany this hastily improvised Government of "safe liberals" met with the instant and bitter opposition of the men who had been fighting the autocracy outspokenly from the first. We have seen how in Russia the forces of the radicals were gradually swelled by public dissatisfaction with the efforts of the moderates to give the country what it wanted, peace and food, until Trotsky and Lenine found it easy to take the power from Kerensky. Shall we see the same sort of process in Germany? I think so.

Of course there is the argument that the Germans are too accustomed to law and order to burst out in a debauch of anarchy. (And of course it is important to remember that the Germans as a whole are better educated than the Russians, although I do not believe that they have any more native intelligence.) But when was a tradition of law and order ever a match for hunger? When have men ever been so enchanted with the beautiful mental conception of an orderly universe that they would not fight to fill their bellies?

Hunger, or rather the sum total of the miseries produced by misgovernment and war, is the factor which has molded the course of Russian political and social currents in the past two years. The same factor is pre-eminent in Germany to-day. In Russia it was the reaction to this factor by the soldiers returned from the war which made and unmade governments. I believe it will be the reaction of German soldiers freed from the trenches to the facts of suffering which they are finding at home which will determine the course of social and political currents in Germany in the near future. There is, I believe, no doubt about these facts. It is true that in Berlin people have been dancing, wining, and, to some extent, dining. It is true that the rich need not suffer severely from hunger, though even they must be greatly inconvenienced by the scarcity of many things. But it is also true that among the masses of Germany there is, if not starvation, widespread suffering caused by the scarcity and poor quality and high prices of food.

In Russia it was the army more than any other element of the population which determined how history would run after the Czar had abdicated. I believe that the German army will have a similar determining influence in forthcoming events in Boche-land. Soldiers are now roaming almost at will about Germany, as soldiers have been roaming about Russia for nearly two years. "Seeing Germany" is popular among the soldiers. In Russia such skylarking was the beginning of complete disintegration. In Russia it was followed or attended by the dismemberment of the Empire, various parts, such as Finland, the Ukraine, etc., setting up housekeeping on their own account.

This analogy between the situation in Germany and the situation in Russia was drawn very strongly by a German noncommissioned officer whom I met at a bridge-head on the east bank of the Rhine. He had just returned to Baden after a year on Russian soil.

"I have just come across Germany," said he, speaking in French, "and everywhere I have seen signs of Russia's disease in my country. Bands of soldiers are traveling around without any plan, looking for money, looking for jobs, looking for something to eat, or just looking for fun. It is going to be very difficult to find work for all these men, and thus keep them satisfied. I don't know how the Government can do it. These soldiers are sure to make trouble. They are just as irresponsible as the *mujik* soldiers who traveled all over Russia, getting drunk on liberty and cheering for any agitator who would speak to them.

"The worst soldiers are the men who have been in the rear of the front, holding communications. The men from the front are not so bad yet; they are mostly in favor of a federal republic and a solid peace for the whole country. But the other fellows are bad.

"Of course among the soldiers there are followers of various political leaders, just as there were in Russia. They fight among themselves. Then there are a lot of bad ones who will start a scrap just to make confusion and get a chance to loot. At present many of the Soldiers' Councils are sort of neutral; they are not actively opposing the propaganda of the Reds, and some are swinging over to that Spartacus crowd. I see things moving against Ebert just the way they moved against Kerensky. So far the revolution is not very violent. There are not even

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many red flags in Germany. But there is a bad spirit, and it is going to get worse. A crowd of soldiers going home from the front stopped my train, which was bound west, took off the engine, and put it on another train of cars, to haul them into Berlin. That's absolutely Russian, you know.

"The real revolution in Germany is only just beginning. Wait till midwinter, and you'll see something doing. There is a funny side to it all, too. Many tramcars have two conductors, because the man who had the job before he went to war has come back and the woman who took his place has refused to leave. So you see them collecting fares together, one of them taking the money and then dropping it into a bag which the other carries. Then some of the factories have more hands than they need because returning soldiers have doubled up with the people who took their places. This kind of thing is funny for a few days, but it will lead to economic ruin.

"The worst of it is that civilians can do nothing. The army knows its power, and it likes the taste of it. Most of the people, in or out of the army, will support any strong central government which can feed them. Most of the people are still for the Ebert Government, but Ebert himself is neither strong nor popular. We have not much confidence in him, even we of his own party. He is a trimmer like Guchkoff in Russia, only weaker.

"You remember what a fight there was in Russia over the Constituent Assembly? Well, watch for a big fight over that in Germany. The Reds will never submit to being governed by a constituent assembly of *bourgeoisie* without an awful scrap. At the same time the *bourgeois* people are much stronger in Germany than they ever were in Russia. That is something you must never forget. And Germany has always been better governed than Russia, labor and the proletariat has always been much better treated by capital and the upper classes.

"As I say, most of my country people would welcome any government which would give them peace and food. My people love to be ruled. The man with the brassard of the Soldiers' Council gets just as good a salute as any *Oberleutenant* ever got. But the country is full of wild rumors and wild agitators, and the people are getting restless. Then all these separatist movements in various states complicate the situation. South Germany has never liked being controlled by Prussia, any more than Finland liked being dominated by Russia. One thing is certain, the day of Prussian domination in Germany is ended. And to some of us South Germans that almost makes the war worth while. All Germans must have equal influence in the new republic.

"But, with this exception in regard to Prussia, we would welcome almost any government which could keep order and feed us. You see how the troops of your allies have been welcomed in occupied Germany. Of course we don't love you, although some of these Rhenish curs would make their cities over to you if you would give them economic help and let them out of paying any share of the indemnity for the war. But I think a lot of honest Germans would be almost glad to have you come in and run the whole country for a few months until we can get organized and get by this awful winter which faces us."

THE GIRLS OF LORRAINE

These girls of Metz have put on their picturesque peasant costumes to welcome the deliverers of Lorraine. The photograph was taken by Mr. Mason

What this man said about the attitude of Germans toward our occupying troops is true; in fact, I have quoted him at length because everything he said jibed with my own observations and with the information I got from the most intelligent Germans I met and from the best of the foreign observers I have met who have been recently in or near Germany. There has been no sniping at the occupied troops. They have met with few insults, and, indeed, with not many bitter looks. Curiously enough, I found more bitterness in Metz than in towns which were wholly German. In the main, the inhabitants of occupied towns seem to regard the presence of our troops with more or less indifference, as a sort of necessary evil. But in not a few cases Allied occupation has been almost welcomed as meaning safety and food.

What are we going to do with Germany? It is our problem now as much as the future of Russia is our problem. In one way it would be to the interest of the Allies to have Germany break up into several small republics, and there is a good deal of natural impetus toward that sort of solution. It is hard to determine just where anti-Prussian feeling ends and separatist feeling begins. The South German states are overwhelmingly anti-Prussian, but I doubt if it can yet be said that the majority of the people in these states believe in complete separation, in the complete withdrawal of Baden or Bavaria or the Rhine Province, as the case may be, from the old German Empire.

Of course the Allies could foster this movement toward independence on the part of various German states. One way of doing it would be to withhold food and other assistance from Germany. But apart from the questionable humanity of this course is its questionable expediency. If Germany does not get food, there will be rampant Bolshevism and Red anarchy in Germany. In my opinion, that is as sure as anything in this uncertain world.

Now, in arguing that we ought to feed them, the Germans say that it is against our interest to let the country fall into the hands of the Bolshevists, not only because Bolshevism might spread to some of the countries of the Allies, but because Bolshevism in Germany would very likely be followed by a reversion to autocracy of the old kind.

This argument, as used by the Germans, is undoubtedly exaggerated in order to frighten us, and yet it is not an argument which can be dismissed lightly. I heard of a ridiculous young American clergyman who said that if the Germans were going to go to heaven he did not want to go there, and that he had "told the Almighty so." But, at any rate, whether we like it or not, this young clergyman and the rest of us are obliged to live in this world with the Germans, and we might as well try to make the best of it. And we might as well face the fact that if we merely stand aloof from Germany we are helping the country along the road to anarchy, and from there very likely back to the sort of autocracy we say we have been fighting to "make the world safe" from. It is a fact that already German monarchists and Bolshevists are using the same methods, if not actually working together, to discredit the Socialist republic of the moderates.

Another proposal suggested for the Allies is "to make Germany strong in order to make her able to pay for the damage she has done." I must say that this

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does not appeal to me. The suggestion of "making Germany strong," for whatever purpose, arouses shudders, and, besides, Germany can never pay for the worst damage she has done.

Between these two courses, however, is there not a middle course? While we must not let Germany rot as Russia rotted, and while it is not our work to give her back the strength she misused, may we not keep her in order for our own safety, and for the best interests even of the more decent Germans themselves? It seems more and more probable that this is what the Allies will have to do. We do not want to starve the Germans, but if we feed them we want to be sure that our investment will be well used. If we give them food, we ought to control its distribution even if we have to send our armies of occupation to Berlin, to Posen.

The war is not won yet. It is still possible for the Germans by this trick or that to pull their bacon out of the fire unless we maintain our vigilance. And it is also still possible that there may be created in Germany a mess which will contaminate the world. Our proper concern with affairs in Germany is just beginning. We have thrown the Hun and are sitting on his chest, but it remains to put the handcuffs on him and then to wash his face.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE MAN

BY WALTER CAMP

PERHAPS of all the serious problems our Government faces that of repair is least understood. This war, indeed, differed from any other in past history in the rapidity with which the weapons changed. Now if you change the weapons fast enough you soon have no one, not even the most experienced surgeon, who knows anything about what happens or is going to happen to the men against whom these weapons are used. What surgeon knew in the beginning even the composition of some of the gases, much less the effect upon the men who breathed them? In this war we grew from cavalry and ordinary gun-fire to air machines capable of going one hundred and fifty miles an hour and guns that would shoot seventy-five miles. We were suddenly confronted with gases that would put out of action thousands of troops, and toward the end we devised gases for which there would have been almost no resistance. Troops that, according to all the rules of war as formerly laid down, were sure to break went right on up to the nests of machine guns, and with their bare hands choked the gunners and took the guns. In fact, at the very time when we had all concluded that, on account of the wonderful progress made in devising new death-dealing machines, there could never be another war, the world faced the greatest war of history. But, no matter what he faced in the way of still further man-killing devices, the soldier went straight on and met those devices with unwavering fortitude. There is something in man, call it what you will—courage, pluck, will power—that is beyond and superior to any machines, inventions, or devices. And this war demonstrated as never before that there is nothing that that human being is not ready to face.

WHAT IS THE TYPE OF MAN?

But when we get men of such accomplishment and endurance, who will go forward until they achieve their objective, we get them from the breed that has grown up in this country of ours on the athletic fields, the sand lots of baseball—even the baseball and "scrapping" of the streets. We get them as the best of that American spirit which despises the "yellow streak" and makes the word "quitter" synonymous with coward and disgrace. Now such men go through with their job. But they are not only human; they are also highly strung, and for that reason all sorts of sequelæ come from this very abandonment of self and the supremeness of their courage. Hence, shell-shocked and gassed and broken, they presented such a lot of new problems to the surgeons that none of them was able to give the final answer. But our surgeons did most noble work; they "came through" with the same spirit as the men; they learned fast, and they put science against science, gas mask against gas, and every new weapon was met with a new defense. And now that the war is over we are getting our opportunity to study more quietly these great problems. We are to handle thousands of these men who have been through this inferno of hell and have come out with the marks upon them. Some of them will never be the same, but patience and study and work will bring many of them back to normal again. We have some basis upon which to build, for we already have had considerable experimental work directed along these lines.

NO PLACE FOR MEDICINE AND DRUGS

These men do not need medicine and drugs. In fact, that would mean the confession of failure, and in the end the worst possible condition. They need the same care that a stale athlete needs, coupled with certain specific methods adapted to the individual case. They need conscientious study and the care of a man familiar with the human machine under just these conditions of depression and exhaustion. Those tense nerves must somehow be relaxed, but by such a means that the reaction may not be even a higher tension. Nature must help and the courage of the patient himself must help. His confidence must be re-established and his will strengthened. Just a few instances may show what experimental work has already accomplished. These experiments are for those who are no longer bed patients, but who are still nervous wrecks. The method has been used successfully with men out of the trenches. A group of these men are taken in charge by a leader, who takes them out into the open and lines them up and then begins with them that old children's game of "Follow the Leader." He jog-trots twenty-five yards, hops ten yards, walks sidewise twenty-five yards, backward ten yards, plays leap-frog, or climbs fences with them, and does nothing violent. At the end of a half-hour they are all in a moderate perspiration. They are then given a rub-down and are rolled up in blankets; and the chances are that most of them drop off to sleep like babies. Here is the first relaxation of those tensely drawn nerves, and coming too in a perfectly natural way.

MANUAL WORK A HELP

And we have other problems. We have to center and keep the attention of some of these patients off themselves. We have to occupy their spare time, that they may not fall to brooding and thinking too much about themselves. At first the too-philanthropic had them knitting. Now knitting may be all right for a short time, but as soon as one can knit it does not occupy either the mind or the attention. It is too mechanical. If a patient is to do manual work, it might just as well be along a line in which skill may be acquired and which really will be of benefit to him after he goes out, such as work with lathe or tools. Then, too, this style of work can be made progressive, and will also occupy the mind and attention of the patient. Especial care must always be exercised, however, against a patient becoming so interested in his work as to carry it to a point of exhaustion. Becoming overtired even on an interesting job is often the occasion of a real setback in his progress and must be avoided. Then, too, this reconstruction work can be begun even with bed patients, and mild forms of helpful breathing and movements leading up to increased strength and self-confidence can be used.

Just as we found in aviation that by judiciously linking up the scientific and the empirical, that by placing physical directors in the flying fields, we could reduce the number of accidents and save the lives of these splendid young fliers, so we shall find in this reconstruction work that the same principle applied there—of providing competent men who have studied these nervous conditions resulting from staleness and exhaustion and have learned how to build up a spirit of self-confidence—will go far toward the speedier restoration of these fine youths who have given so much of their best that the bowl of vitality is drained low. Depression of

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spirit, whether from lessened red blood-corpuscles, or from moderate shell-shock, or from the lassitude that enshrouds the man recovering from wounds, can be helped. And every means must be used to aid these men to mount more rapidly the steps toward complete recovery rather than let them drag along through the shadows. We shall have large numbers of them, and the best is none too good for us to give to them in return for what they have sacrificed for us.

IN THE CONVALESCENT CAMPS

It should be borne in mind, as has been proved in all branches of the service, that not only in medicine and surgery has there been a great advance, but also in the knowledge acquired of handling the physical and mental reactions of the sick man or the convalescent, and also of the well man. Now we realize fully that the chief concern of the medical man was formerly confined to the man who was sick or wounded, and generally for the period when he was a bed patient. Practically no systematic attention is given to such a man on the physical side as soon as he reaches any point of convalescence. He is then allowed to drift along into health. We find that for the very best results such a man demands quite as much attention and care, sometimes more, than during the period when he is a bed patient. Properly systematized attempts under skilled direction to exercise, at first in a very mild way, and then with progressive increase, the heart and vasomotor system as well as the muscles themselves, and to secure certain effects upon the nervous system, not only produce a more rapid improvement, but lead with far more certainty to a full recovery. In other words, the man should be carefully guided back to health; and remarkable successes have been made along this line through the careful guidance of the mind of a healthy conservator, as it were, who has had the experience of handling men of all types in physical training. Instead of rushing a man off in a period of recovery on a sick leave, letting him take a long train ride, eat and drink at irregular hours, sleep in crowded, unventilated cars, probably take cold, and finally return in worse condition than when he left, these men can all be carried rapidly along the road to health under some regularly qualified physical expert attached to the hospital staff who takes charge of all patients as soon as they are able to leave the wards. A certain amount of carefully guided simple exercising movements, increased as the men grow stronger, eventually coming to light games or manual labor of an interesting and practical kind, will mean much to such men. These men, if properly directed, do not have time to brood. They are taken into the open air and sunshine. They are taught breathing exercises even in the very early stages of convalescence, and finally become interested in and proud of their physical progress.

A PROBLEM EVEN FOR THE HEALTHY RETURNING FROM CAMP

And, finally, there is another phase of reconstruction, or at least of the return of men from the service to civilian life, which seems to have entirely escaped the attention of every one, and yet which should have a certain measure of consideration. We all of us know that one of the objections that has in the past been advanced against athletic sports in the colleges has been that men indulging in them develop themselves muscularly, increase the size and power of the heart, and then, graduating from college, suddenly drop all exercise and suffer breakdowns in health accordingly. What shall we say of the man who comes out of a camp cantonment after the pretty severe physical exercises there practiced and goes back to his work on the bench in the factory or in the counting-room or office? Some one certainly should advise him that, as it took him months to build up that physique, he should look somewhat after the manner in which he comes back to the life which must be his normal one. The men who come out of the naval stations will have an easier time adjusting themselves, for many of these stations had a more moderate training, designed for suppleness and muscular control rather than more violent and prolonged muscular exertion. The men who come out and adopt the plans suggested by the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lane, which involve a vigorous outdoor life, will have a far better chance of continuing health than those who are almost at once shut indoors to a confining, sedentary occupation after months of exceedingly strenuous exercise in the open air. But some men must perforce go back to the sedentary jobs, and whether anything more than the advice to let down slowly and to keep up some measure of outdoor exercise can be given is a question. I am merely dealing with the fact that for a man who has had the regimen practiced at the camps the transition will be a very decided one, requiring considerable effort at adjustment on the part of nature; and she will need much aid from the man himself in accomplishing it.

THE PERFECTIONIST

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

SETTING out from his little farmhouse on his important journey, Elwood stood for an instant at his gate, and there experienced a sensation of unreality. Was he or was he not mad? Were the events of the preceding evening and morning a dream, or had he in truth been visited by a prophet? He contemplated the dusty road before him, then he stepped out upon it, remembering the verse of Scripture the stranger had left with him for such a moment.

Yesterday at this time he had knelt before the rose bushes planted on each side of his door. He seemed to be bowing in worship before them, but he was merely wrapping them in straw. His love for flowers was not ill expressed, however, by his position. Every sunny window was filled with geraniums and coleuses and nicotiana and primroses and all sorts of winter-blooming plants.

Though the day had been bright, the general aspect of the landscape was dreary. The leaves were wholly gone from the trees and the fields were withered and brown. Elwood's mood as he knelt before his roses matched the fading season in its depression.

Presently he straightened his stiffened knees and rose, sighing. He looked at the front of his neat house, and then across the road at the larger, better-placed, and handsomer house of Mrs. Bloomfield, and then across the fields toward the smaller house of Mrs. Gitt, and then toward the top of the hill to the only really pretentious establishment in sight, the house of Mrs. Lutz. Last of all his gaze rested on the abode of the Garnetts, which was sufficiently near at hand for sounds to carry from it to his ears. There were somewhat unpleasant sounds carrying at this moment, sounds which seemed to justify the neighborhood for speaking of the "fighting Garnetts."

Elwood did not look at the dwellings of his neighbors as though they suggested any clearly defined thoughts. He was a bachelor and a shy and quiet man, and his association with his fellow-men was limited to greetings when they passed in the road. Even to Mrs. Bloomfield, who had been a schoolmate and whom he had all his life adored, he said no more, though she tried to be kind to him. His excessive shyness amounted to an actual deformity of mind.

He was about to sit down on the doorstep to rest his tired knees when a moving object attracted his attention. It was a wagon, suggestive of a small frame house in design, drawn by an old horse, and moving with the slow pace suitable to a house upon a journey. Curiosity lifted Elwood for the moment out of his depression.

When after ten minutes the vehicle reached Elwood's gate it stopped. It was hard to say whether the horse had been checked or whether he had merely run down like a clock. The driver, a little man of about sixty, smiled at Elwood, and Elwood, who was a little man of about fifty, smiled back. Elwood could see now

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that there was an inscription on the side of the wagon, "The Church of the Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Good-day, brother," said the little man in the wagon. "My name is Hickernel. I am spreading the gospel of perfection, and it would seem that I am to stop here for the night."

Elwood forgot his usual fear of strange persons. He opened the gate hospitably.

"Well," said he with an inflection which indicated pleasure.

"I will drive into your lane," said the stranger, precisely. "All that I ask is a place to stable my horse and a small space inside your fence to store my wagon, which is both my church edifice and my home."

Elwood opened the wider gate through which entrance was made to a drive leading to the barn. He was intolerably lonely.

"You needn't sleep in your wagon if you don't want to, and I can give you supper."

The stranger, guiding his horse carefully through the gate, shook his head.

"It is not in the disposition of women to like unexpected guests."

"There are no women here," explained Elwood. "I live alone."

The stranger sighed.

"Have you suffered affliction?"

"No," answered Elwood, blushing. "I have always lived alone."

"So!" Mr. Hickernel sighed again. "Well, I have three wives in heaven."

Elwood became still more anxious for the society of the stranger. He wanted to tell his troubles, and who could be a more sympathetic confidant than this religious man? His life was unutterably dreary, and he might still live many years.

The kitchen, like the exterior of his house, was neat and orderly. It may have been that a precedent had been established by his mother, but it was worthily continued. Pots and pans were shining, the floor was scrubbed, all was immaculate. The stranger sighed with pleasure as he looked in at the door.

"I have purchases to make in the village, then I will return," said he, "and I will accept your invitation."

Presently Elwood began to prepare supper. He pared potatoes and apples and cut two feet of fresh sausage from a longer rope. It would be exceedingly pleasant to have some one to eat with, and sausage and mashed potatoes and apple fritters would be none too good.

The guest re-entered a room filled with several varieties of appetizing steam. He sat down near the stove and rubbed his hands, his eyes gleaming. It was clear that even a person who is so devoted to his church as to carry it with him may enjoy good food.

So absorbed was Elwood in his preparations and in urging his guest to eat that he became cheerful. But when supper was over and the dishes washed, and he sat with his guest before the stove and listened to the rising wind, he remembered his depression. Though it was banished now, it would return, and then the physician might be far away. He addressed the stranger as the stranger had addressed him.

"Brother, did you ever feel that there was nothing in life worth living for?"

His question sounded shocking to his own ears, but the stranger did not seem to find it so. He looked at Elwood with interest.

"I felt that way each time my wives died."

"I don't know what is the matter with me these last six months. I don't care if I get up in the morning or go to bed at night. I don't take interest in anything. I am well, but I am so despairing." Elwood's lips quivered. "I feel as though there wasn't anything anywhere."

"Are you doing anything for the kingdom?" asked Mr. Hickernel.

"N-no," confessed Elwood.

"When my last wife died, I felt the deepest depression of all. Then I found peace in striving for perfection, and I started out to tell others. I have traveled from the Pacific almost to the Atlantic carrying the seeds of heavenly wisdom. When I reach the Atlantic, I shall turn back, visiting and strengthening those whom I have started in the right way. You are, I believe, destined to find peace through me."

"Yes?" said Elwood, hopefully.

Mr. Hickernel leaned forward and laid his hand on Elwood's knee.

"It is possible to be perfect," said he. "Then there is peace in action."

"What action?" asked Elwood.

"In carrying the message to others; first to those nearest to you according to their special cases. Your neighbors—what are they like? Do you associate with them? Have you their welfare at heart?"

Elwood gesticulated with his pipe, and spoke with a new sharpness. The stranger was like an inquiring physician; he hypnotized one into telling the truth."

"Mrs. Gitt is a good deal of a talker. Mrs. Lutz is a very rich woman, but not very generous. The Garnetts are very quarrelsome."

"And across the street?"

"Mrs. Bloomfield?" Elwood's cheeks colored. "She is an exemplary woman."

Mr. Hickernel leaned back in his chair.

"How can you complain of despair? You have only a few years, and these you are wasting. All these souls will be required of you! You are idling away precious time. I will establish you, and when I come back I will inquire what you have done. You are of course a Christian?"

"Of course," said Elwood, uneasily. His depression had returned, and added to it was self-reproach.

"If you are really as downcast as you say, you will take my prescription and heal yourself and win these souls."

"But they might not like it," protested Elwood, uneasily.

"Oh, my brother, you have the wrong idea. It makes no difference whether they like it, that is not your concern. You do not wish to hear 'Depart ye' at the last day."

Far into the night Mr. Hickernel continued to establish Elwood in the doctrine of perfection and to admonish and direct him. Then, in spite of Elwood's urging, he went out to his wagon. Either because Mr. Hickernel had brought him peace or because he was very tired, Elwood went to sleep promptly. He recalled this fact hopefully in the morning when he woke. He remembered also with pleasure that it was not far to the Atlantic, and that his friend would soon return. Then they would hold a meeting.

Upon departing the stranger placed a photograph of himself upon the mantel. He was represented as standing beside his wagon, pointing to the inscription.

The glow in which he left his convert continued to burn through the long morning. His assurances had been so positive, his own relief from despair so eloquently described, that Elwood thought a few admonishing visits were, after all, a small price to pay for peace. He thought of the heroic men and women described by Mr. Hickernel who had been burned at the stake and hung and drawn and quartered, and especially of Mr. Hickernel himself, who was stopped by no mountains or rivers or storms and who halted only before the mighty ocean.

Now setting out from his gate upon the dusty road, Elwood moved briskly. The hypnotic power of his visitor was still potent. He remembered each eloquent word. He would see at first Mrs. Gitt, and then Mrs. Lutz, and then the Garnetts; he had a specific message for each. The stranger had also given him a verse for himself, a solemn warning about putting his hand to the plow and turning back. Elwood determined to heed it; heaven, it seemed to him, was very near.

Mrs. Gitt answered his knock promptly. Hers was a nature which craved a different sort of activity from that furnished by eight children whose broken carts and hoops and other playthings lay scattered over the grassless beaten yard. Her lonely condition did not produce in her despair such as troubled Mr. Hickernel when he was bereft; it produced anger, as though Mr. Gitt had been to blame for the fever which carried him off.

At sight of Elwood she was at first amazed, then excited, then apologetic. Her heart filled with a wild hope.

"Come in, Mr. Sparr. I wasn't looking for company, that you can see, but I'm none the less glad to have it. Not many takes the trouble to visit a lonely woman. Come in."

Elwood followed her into a cold and dreary sitting-room beside which his kitchen was palatial. With his mind fixed upon his task, he did not see that as she passed before the dull mirror she smoothed her hair with a few frantic strokes.

"A concern for your welfare sent me here, Mrs. Gitt. Yesterday a stranger came to my door and admonished me for being cast down. He talked to me right strong, and I have promised henceforth to do better myself and to do my duty by my neighbors as he did by me."

"You will always be welcome here," promised Mrs. Gitt.

"He had a wagon with 'The Church

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of the Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven' painted on it, and he strives for perfection."

"I saw that wagon. I thought it was a peddler. We don't have as many as we used to; do you think so, Mr. Sparr?"

Elwood lifted his hand as if to ward off for the present a discussion of peddlers. Mrs. Gitt's untidy house and her untidy self and her restless eyes disturbed him.

"So I have come to you about establishing a seat of heavenly wisdom here"—was that what the stranger had said? If so, it had sounded more sensible from his lips. "We should meet together, in love admonishing one another."

Mrs. Gitt caught a single word.

"I have always admired you, Mr. Sparr," said she. "Loneliness is hard to bear." To Elwood's surprise and unspeakable horror she took a chair nearer him. He must admonish quickly and be gone.

"I have heard that you sometimes stray a little from the truth," said he. "Such habits must be cured before we can be at peace."

Mrs. Gitt's eyes still shone.

"I don't do it consciously," she confessed, humbly. "It would be different if I had some one to call my attention to it. You and I would certainly be at peace."

"You must struggle with it," said Elwood, rising, terrified. Then his tongue uttered that which he had no intention of saying. "What an awful example for your children!"

That Elwood's attentions were not those of a suitor penetrated at last to the mind of Mrs. Gitt. She rose also.

"I'd thank you to leave," said she, briskly. "You are the most interfering man that I ever heard of, and the quicker you go the better. What right have you to set yourself up as a judge?"

"I didn't," protested Elwood in horror. "I was only—"

But Elwood was outside the closed door. He went weakly to the gate and involuntarily turned toward his own house. Then he remembered harsher rebuffs suffered by Mr. Hickernel, who, after being rebuffed, was frequently pursued and entreated to return. He looked back over his shoulder a little fearfully at the house of Mrs. Gitt, then bravely he went on to the house of Mrs. Lutz.

Mrs. Lutz received him in her large, handsome kitchen. If she was astonished to see him at her door for the first time since the burial of her husband ten years ago, no such emotion showed on her placid face. It may have been that she was not surprised. Other gentlemen in Elwood's lonely situation had paid her brief calls and had departed.

Elwood began as he had begun with Mrs. Gitt.

"I saw the man pass," said Mrs. Lutz, in her booming voice. "I cannot get enough help to work my farm, and here he goes idling about."

Elwood did not stop to refute this materialistic judgment. Again he expressed himself with slight ambiguity:

"He thinks we should improve our condition. We should admonish one another in a Christian way. We should dwell in love with one another. We—"

Mrs. Lutz rose, her stiffly starched dress and apron standing out about her.

"I have no desire to change my condition," she announced. "I am satisfied as I am."

"But, Mrs. Lutz—" Suddenly Mrs. Lutz's exact meaning dawned on Elwood. He backed toward the door. There are depths of humiliation into which even missionary zeal does not require one to descend.

"I didn't mean that," he protested, helplessly. "You misunderstood me."

Then he opened the door and went out. When he had turned the next corner of the road, he sat down and mopped his dripping forehead. In his excessive modesty he had never dreamed of himself as a desirable or even a tolerable match. He must have expressed himself with consummate awkwardness or they could not so seriously have misunderstood him. If he could bring himself to go to the Garnetts, he would allow no chance for such a mistake.

Almost half an hour passed before he rose, desperately repeating to himself the familiar sentence about the plow. His instructor had promised him peace of mind even if he were not rewarded by the conversion of his neighbors.

Quarrelsome as the Garnetts were, they were agreed upon one matter—hard work. House and yard were as neat as Elwood's.

Abbie Garnett opened the door. Apple-butter was being made in a shed connecting with the rear of the house, and it was still boiling, but Abbie's dress and white apron were spotless. Surprised as she was, she welcomed Elwood in a voice like honey, and invited him into the parlor.

"This is a nice day, Mr. Sparr."

"Yes, Miss Abbie. I—"

"You don't come often."

"No, Miss Abbie. I—"

"You ought not to stay so much alone as you do; don't you know you oughtn't?"

"I have had a visitor. He—"

"I saw you had. I wondered who he was. He spent the night, didn't he?"

"He was a—" Elwood halted, open-mouthed, seeing Abbie glare at the door. Her eyes seemed to belong with bristling fur and a thrashing tail. Approaching footsteps came nearer and a spare figure like Abbie's stood in the doorway.

"Why, good afternoon, Mr. Sparr!" If it is possible to look pleasantly out of one eye and ferociously out of the other, Mary achieved that double expression. "I think it is very strange that *I* wasn't told that you were here."

"You weren't asked for," said Abbie.

Undiscouraged, Mary came in and sat down. She selected a chair near to Elwood.

"It's a fine day. You ought to visit more. I saw you had company yesterday."

"He was a stranger who came with a message," said Elwood, solemnly. "I am now going about delivering it. He admonished me and helped me, and now—"

The attention of Abbie and Mary was no longer his. Both glared tigress-like at the door. Again footsteps approached.

"Effie!" cried Abbie and Mary together; "you can't leave the apple-butter!"

Effie looked at the tableau before her—Elwood Sparr sitting with Abbie on one side and Mary on the other. She was the youngest and the least thin of the three. She smiled at Elwood.

"Won't you come and taste the apple-butter? It's my receipt?"

But Elwood had not come to eat.

"No, I thank you. I have an important matter to lay before you. I—"

Effie came in and sat down.

"Attend to your apple-butter," commanded Mary.

"Mr. Sparr knows whom he came to see," said Abbie, fiercely.

"You two attend to the apple-butter," advised Effie, cheerfully, in return. "You've been sitting here dear knows how long enjoying yourselves."

Trembling, Elwood rose to his feet.

"The message is—"

A faint odor of burning drifted in. Three pairs of eyes glared at one another.

"Your message is what, Mr. Sparr?" said Effie.

"The stranger belonged to the Church of the Gospel of the Kingdom of Peace. I was to try to get the neighbors to become part of it. But before joining it we must try to get rid of our bad habits."

The three Garnetts smiled, two sourly, one boldly, but all with encouragement. The odor of burning became more unpleasant.

"What habits?"

The late afternoon darkened suddenly; it seemed to Elwood that he was surrounded by gleaming eyes, and he backed toward the door.

"All," said he with his hand on the knob. "Good-day."

Outside he stood still, mopping his brow once more. He heard hurrying steps, accusation and counter-accusation, receding to the back of the house. As he was moving away the door opened. Abbie, tall and white-aproned, stood smiling wryly at him.

"They will be a long time cleaning the kettle. Come back."

"No, I thank you," faltered Elwood.

The house stood at the corner of the road. As he went round it the smooth head of Effie appeared at a window.

"It isn't hurt. Wait, and I'll get you some."

"No, thank you," said Elwood.

Then Elwood began to walk rapidly. He was no longer merely depressed; he was afraid. He wished to go home and lock himself in—there he would be safe. He wished that the stranger had never come. Hitherto he had thought well of human nature—his harsh criticism of his neighbors was drawn from him by Mr. Hickernel—and now through his awkwardness and impertinence he had made enemies of those with whom he had always lived at peace.

He could not face the thought of his lonely house. He took a long way home,

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walking until he was tired and shivering. He remembered that he had not prepared his fire for so long an absence and that the house would be cold. The landscape was not merely dreary, it was unfriendly, the roadside rocks and bushes took strange and unpleasant shapes. He began nervously to run.

Then, almost at his own gate, he halted. There was a figure on his doorstep; it was neither a phantom nor the guest returned; it was something worse—one of the Garnetts. Elwood's teeth chattered. Now that he had opened the way for visits, they would never, he foresaw, cease. Alas, that he had ever been persuaded to this miserable zeal!

He did not know what he should do. Then, in his terror, he saw a light in Mrs. Bloomfield's house and started toward it with uneasy, wavering steps. Many motives impelled him—cold and hunger and loneliness and desperate fear. But his heart was quickened by an astonishing question. If so high a value were placed upon him even by those so far beneath Mrs. Bloomfield in worth, might he not aspire to that star toward which he had long looked in adoration? He remembered her kindly attentions; it seemed to him, in a new variety of madness, that she had at times appeared to regard him with affection.

Slipping through her hedge, he crossed the yard with wary glances backward toward his own house, and knocked at her door. She answered it promptly, round and sweet and pleasant in the lamplight. None of the ladies whom he had visited had been so amazed.

"Why, Elwood!"

Elwood said nothing. The visit of the stranger and the task which he had set seemed like a madhouse vision.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Bloomfield.

"I have tried to be a perfect man," said Elwood, solemnly, "and I have been a perfect fool!"

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Bloomfield. She laughed and blushed. A lone woman does not entertain a lone man at supper in the neighborhood of Mrs. Gitt and the Garnetts without deliberately courting the suspicion of attachment for him. "Come in and have supper and tell me about it."

Then upon loneliness and despair and perfection Elwood and Mrs. Bloomfield together shut the door.

THE S. A. T. C.—A COMEDY

BY A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

THIS is Monday, and on Saturday our S. A. T. C. (Students' Army Training Corps) was demobilized. To-day the Faculty—those at least who have been teaching "war" classes—are all sitting with bent shoulders and bowed heads over piles of pink, blue, yellow, and white papers on which they must immediately report to Washington, in triplicate, the exact nature, composition, and characteristics of each class they have taught, with special details concerning the age of each student and the hour of the day at which the instruction was imparted. Is not the war over? Certainly. But these forms were made to be filled out, and orders are orders. A telegram from Headquarters has demanded that they be sent at once, and hence the moving picture of submissive professors, glad in a way to perform this useless task, since it marks the end of the nightmare which has ridden the College since September.

I said the boys were demobilized, but of course they were not paid off. Neither they nor we expected that any such good fortune as that would befall them. Nothing like that has happened heretofore, and it would be captious to expect that anything would come on time. The only things that have come on time have been orders, and they usually have come ahead of time. But, despite the fact that the boys were discharged without pay and unable, some of them, to go home for lack of money, they were happy and *warm*. Their overcoats had come that December morning, by almost inconceivable good luck, and they were wrapped from the biting cold which threatened their bodies, still weak from the influenza. The week before had brought them uniforms too—woolen uniforms—so that not many of them had died from insufficient clothing when they were convalescing after the epidemic which had swept through the College at the time of the first November snow.

I never before appreciated the value of a United States Senator so much as this fall, for if it had not been for a few telegrams addressed to influential Senators at Washington, who acted promptly and had clothing sent by express from the nearest army post, I fear that the mortality would have been excessive. Of course a full supply of equipment—uniforms, overcoats, underclothes, everything necessary—had been duly ordered; ordered indeed, and then ordered again; but the humorous-minded Committee on Education and Special Training, who created, developed, and managed the S. A. T. C., had insisted from the beginning that all requisitions for supplies of any sort must be sent to them, no matter from what part of the country. It takes nearly a week for a letter to reach Washington from here. In early October we made a formal requisition on the Committee for an immediate supply of clothing for the men of the organization. Nothing happened. After three weeks a letter came from Major Blank, of the Committee (nobody less than a major could be a member of that body), acknowledging the receipt of the requisition and instructing us to make out another copy of it and send it to an army depot a thousand miles in the opposite direction. This also we did. Nothing happened. Three weeks more went by. It was now mid-November, and the first wave of influenza was receding, letting patients out of the hospital into the keen winds from the near-by mountains. Here was where the Senators proved useful. Three telegrams, and something happened. From different army depots clothing came by express, in abundance. There had been no shortage of it. Depot headquarters had been full to overflowing with it. Only nobody seemed able to get it. I shall always thank God for the United States Senate.

November 11 will always be a great day in world history. On that day the following telegram from the Committee on Education and Special Training was received:

> S. A. T. C. units will continue military and academic work without interruption regardless of armistice. Plans have been prepared for the future of S. A. T. C. under conditions brought about by armistice.

Ten days later came a telegram peremptorily ordering immediate demobilization. I might have guessed it, for from the beginning scarcely a thing has happened as we were told it would happen It has been such a succession of delays, disappointments, and broken intimations, if not promises, that these three months have ceased to be the tragedy that they seemed to be at the time and have been glorified by the spirit of comedy. Only the comic Muse of a George Meredith could do justice to the amazing tale. I give three random illustrations before proceeding further.

Demobilization could not take place until an officer from each unit of the S. A. T. C. in the territory had gone to the central headquarters to be instructed how to demobilize. At headquarters this instruction consisted in reading aloud to the assembled representatives the identical orders for demobilization which had already been sent typewritten to the several units. Meanwhile our commanding officer, an experienced captain of the Regular Army, sat at home kicking his heels waiting for the return of the newly appointed second lieutenant of a summer camp who should presently tell him how to discharge men from the Army.

This telegram was received promptly from one of the Senators to whom appeal had been made:

> Department has telegraphed authorities Fort X to immediately equip students from fort's supply of clothing, avoiding further delay.

I replied by wire that Fort X, an old army post located near our town, *had been*

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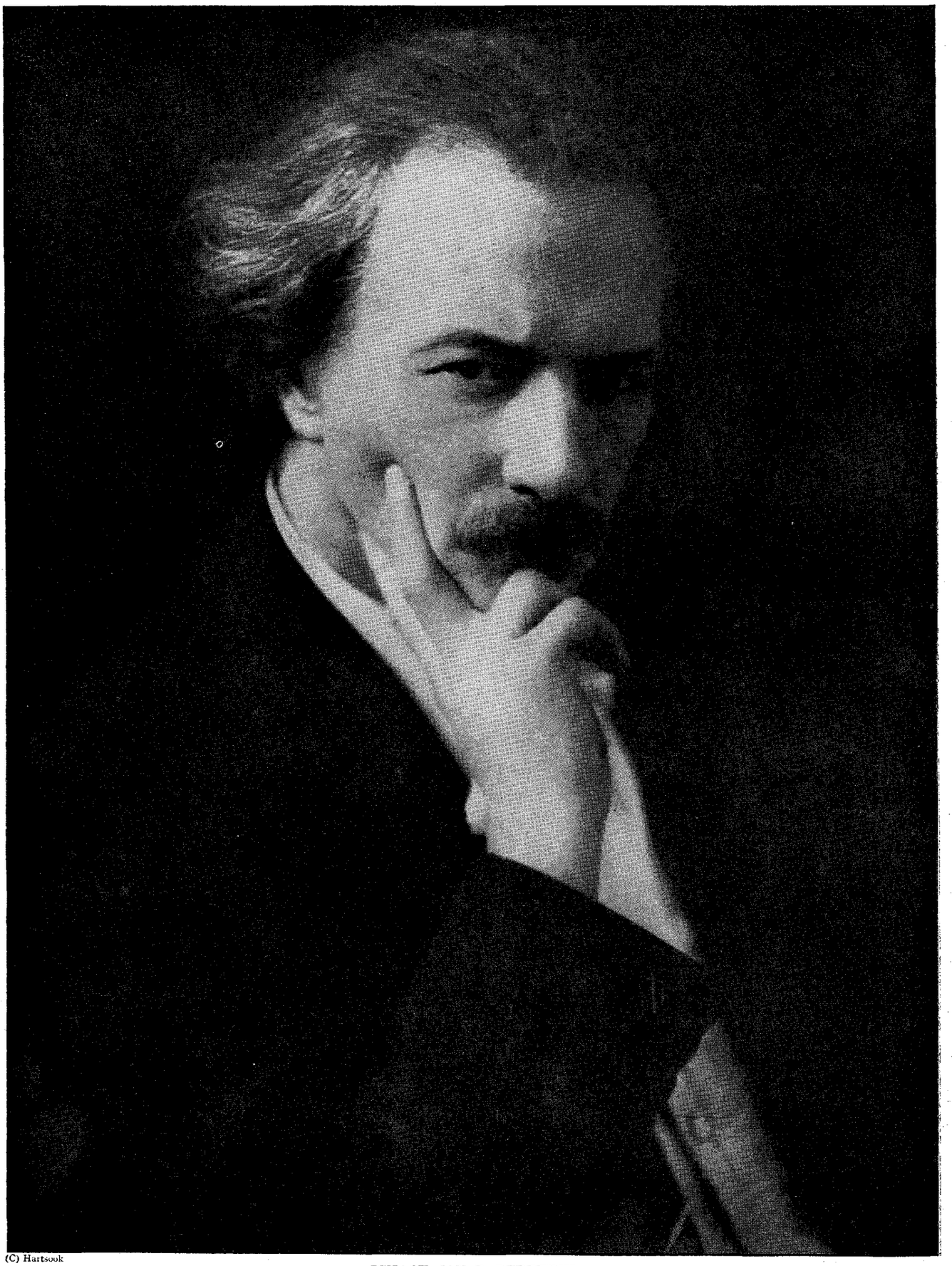

(C) Hartsook

IGNACY JAN PADEREWSKI

It is interesting to compare this portrait, believed to be one of the very latest portraits taken of the famous pianist and patriot, with that printed a few weeks ago in The Outlook. Paderewski has assumed new importance since then as a national Polish leader. It seems probable that he will be able to join with the leader of the more radical Polish faction, General Pilsudski, in forming a Provisional Government for what is to be the new Poland

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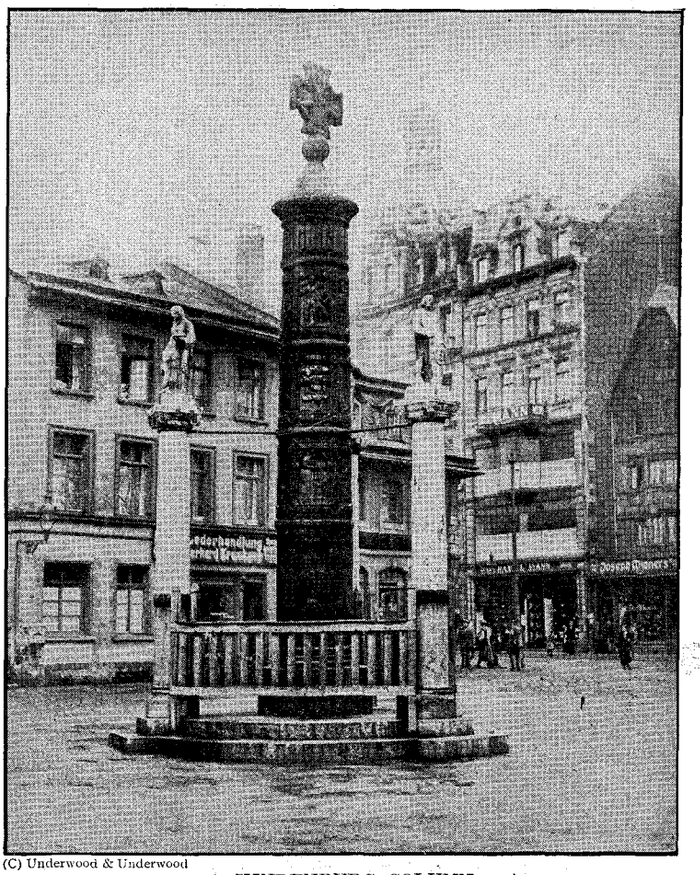
A NOVEL KIND OF ART DISCOVERY

This statue is not a masterpiece of the antique newly discovered. It is a fine and beautiful statue by the great French sculptor Rodin, buried at Douai to escape German looters of French art treasures, and now safely unearthed by rejoicing French soldiers



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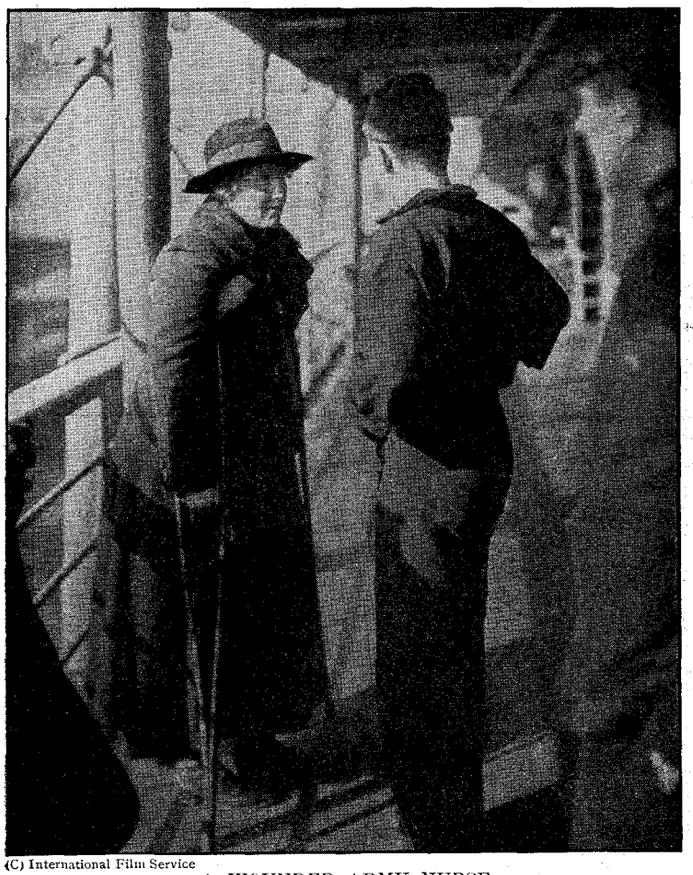
A HINDENBURG COLUMN

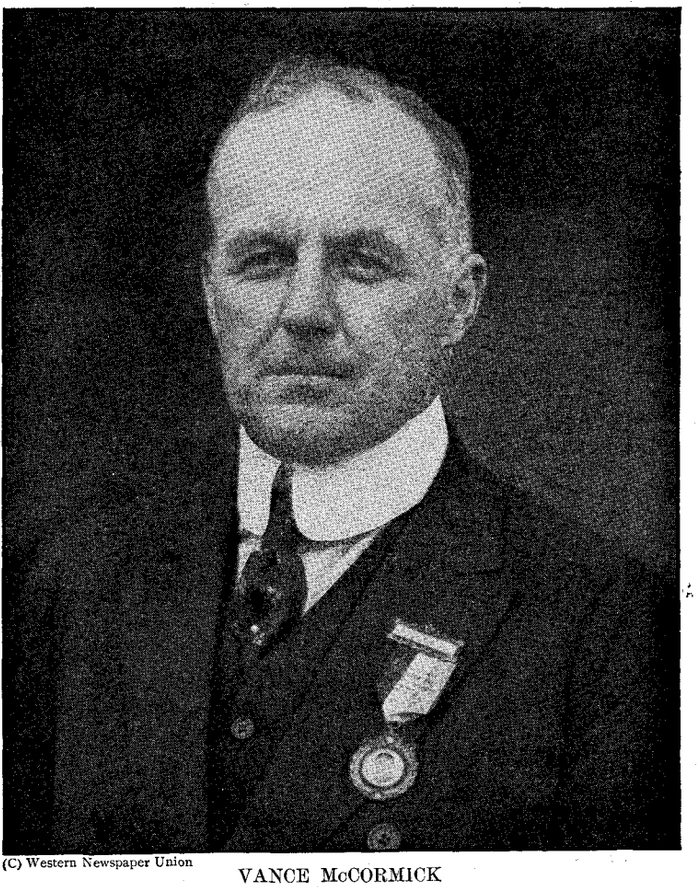
What has become of the wooden Hindenburg into which loyal Germans drove nails, and paid for the privilege? We hear of German hatred of Ludendorff and the Kaiser, but Hindenburg seems still to head the army and subdue revolutionists. This column stands in Mayence, now occupied by the Allies



(C) International Film Service

A WOUNDED ARMY NURSE

German shells and bullets did not spare Army nurses. Miss Johnston, wounded while helping other wounded soldiers (for she belonged to the Army herself), returned to America lately on the hospital ship Comfort together with many of her wounded men comrades



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VANCE McCORMICK

Mr. McCormick may very probably be appointed to succeed the present American Ambassador to France, Mr. Sharp. Mr. McCormick is one of the most active men in the Democratic party. He recently resigned his office as Chairman of the National Committee. He is Chairman of the War Trade Board

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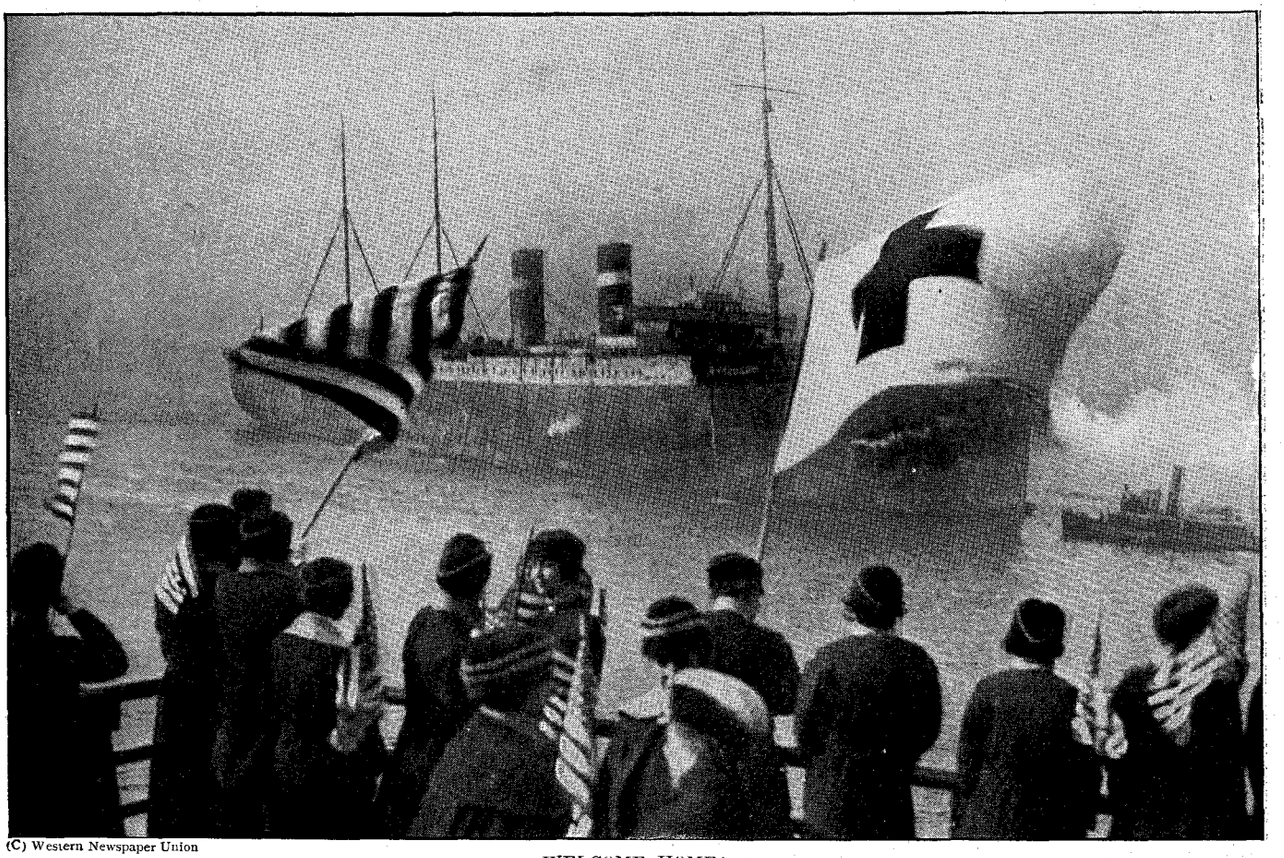
A FLOCK OF AIRPLANES

Few people, in this country at least, have seen 212 airplanes in the sky at the same time. That is stated to be the number of the planes which maneuvered for two hours recently over Rockwell Field, in San Diego



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WELCOME HOME!

This is a typical scene such as attends the arrival of transports almost every day at the Port of New York. The Belgic, here shown, has on board 3,200 troops from France. Friends and Red Cross workers are giving them an enthusiastic welcome

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abandoned for eight years and had no supplies nor authorities in charge of them. Its empty buildings had been put in charge of a caretaker, an old retired sergeant, who had died two months before.

Our unit was an infantry unit, intended to train infantry officers. It might be supposed that rifles would therefore be provided, as the manual of arms is an essential part of the training, and the instruction in field tactics can be well enough covered in two weeks. But *dis aliter visum!* We had an abundance of officers, including an expert in bayonet practice; we had an abundance of men, half of whom had already had military training in our R. O. T. C. or in a summer camp; we dug trenches and constructed dummies for bayonet practice. But rifles? No, indeed! Some one might be injured—perhaps even shot! The last contingency was, in fact, averted by withholding any supply of ammunition; but to make assurance doubly sure the rifles, too, were withheld. The men were demobilized after two months of military training, with fourteen hours a week of outdoor drill, and never laid hands on a gun. Can I ever cease to be thankful for such a Committee on Education and Special Training, who saved my dear boys from this peril?

This is not an attack upon the general plan of the S. A. T. C., but a truthful account of the way that plan was administered in one case. The plan was excellent in its main objects; it undertook to supply swiftly a large number of young officers by obtaining the material from the colleges and sending it in a steady stream to central training camps; it sought to extend Government aid to education and to help the colleges while helping the Army; it was deeply patriotic, and enlisted the services of distinguished college presidents and Army officers. The fault was not so much with the plan as with the way it was administered. It had not been thought out as to details before it began to be put in operation, and consequently it was always subject to change, and to change without notice. For example: On August 14 the Adjutant-General of the Army telegraphed, authorizing the establishment of a unit of the S. A. T. C. at this institution, and said: "Additional rifles, uniforms, and other equipment will be provided so far as necessary." That gave hope that the Army would handle all supplies. On August 22 the Committee on Education and Special Training telegraphed: "Uniforms, ordnance, and other supplies will be issued by Committee direct. *No requisitions needed and none must be sent.*" On September 9 the Committee, by Major Blank, telegraphed:

> Distribution of equipment for S.A.T.C. units will be handled directly by Committee Education and Special Training. S. A. T. C. commanding officer detailed at institution is only person authorized to make requisitions. He will requisition Committee for one cot, three wool blankets, two bed sacks or two mattress covers per man after deducting number of single beds or cots available at institution and *only after number of men physically qualified for induction is ascertained.*

That was discouraging, for College was to open in less than three weeks, and it meant that when the men came they would have no blankets, even if the College could supply beds, and it forbade the commanding officer to requisition for anything until the full number of men was ascertained, which of course could not be done until after College should have opened.

But in this single case we got the best of the Committee. Without hesitancy our commanding officer, an experienced retired captain of the Regular Army, wired his requisition for a sufficient supply of cots, blankets, and mattress covers, and signed his telegram, as an Army officer should, "Smith, C. O." Three days later, September 12, a telegram came from the Committee, addressed to "*President C. O. Smith,*" identical in every word with the message which had been received by me three days before as President of the College. Apparently in Washington the Committee did not understand how a requisition should be signed, and I had to wire explaining that "C. O." stood for "Commanding Officer." The cots and blankets came, however, and ours was the only institution in this region which had Government blankets for its men when the College opened, October 1.

At one institution not so fortunate (or so bold) men slept for weeks on the floor, without blankets, in October, in a high latitude and in a high altitude, because the Committee had ordered that requisitions should be sent in "after the number of men physically qualified for induction is ascertained." I have since wondered if the extraordinary number of deaths from influenza at that institution was not largely due to the absence of blankets and beds.

The president of a large State university told me in the middle of September that he was making desperate efforts to borrow blankets from the people of the great city where his institution is located. He had contracted for two thousand men in his S. A. T. C., and needed, therefore, six thousand blankets. I never found out whether he got them, but he was forbidden to order them in advance.

Some institutions greatly increased their attendance because of the S. A. T. C. and its appeal to men between the ages of eighteen and forty-six, but many institutions were disappointed in the numbers who attended. One reason for this was the lavish way in which units were organized all over the country without any apparent reference to previous institutional experience in military training. In our territory seven large institutions had for years been giving military training under United States Army officers and according to laws passed by Congress. These all made application for the establishment of S. A. T. C. units, some of them for both collegiate and vocational sections; and they contracted to take and train at least twice as many men as they had ever had before. In great haste they built barracks and mess-halls, rented fraternity houses, and incurred heavy expense for the men whom they expected to receive when their colleges should open. But the Committee on Education and Special Training meanwhile, without informing these institutions, went ahead and established seven new units in this same territory at institutions no one of which had ever thought of giving military instruction before. Because of the projection of these new institutions into the field of military education not one of the institutions which had previously given military instruction and which had made expensive preparations for greatly increased attendance was able to complete its quota. How thick the region had been sown with S. A. T. C.'s in the laudable desire of the Committee to raise a speedy crop of Army officers, and incidentally to favor every ambitious community of the country, was demonstrated last week at the Headquarters meeting referred to before, where representatives of all the scattered units were gathered together to be taught how to demobilize. A captain from a unit two hundred and fifty miles away reported that he had three noncommissioned officers under him and *not a single student!*

If those colleges which had maintained successfully the R. O. T. C. in 1917 had been used for the S. A. T. C., with perhaps a few carefully chosen additions, much money would have been saved and many blunders would have been avoided. But no! A mighty effort must be made. "Money was no object." And so more than five hundred institutions all over the United States were commandeered, and they responded joyously, hoping to see a miracle in education, if not also a repetition of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Alas, the first miracle did not happen, and, bitterest of all, the loaves and fishes did not hold out!

It would indeed have been a miracle if this grandiose scheme for quick military training had been successful. It sought to impart in three months' time the essentials of a military education, and to do it by means of absolutely uniform instruction, methods, and discipline. It undertook the impossible, and thought that rigorous discipline could accomplish it. The student must "stand at attention" when reciting; the professor must "stand at attention" before a syllabus elaborately prepared in Washington. With what impressive zeal did the Committee issue wave after wave of instructions, outlines, syllabi, regulations! Uniformity must be obtained at any cost, and therefore monthly reports must be submitted with the grades of each student, and monthly inspections by neatly uniformed young Army officers must be made, and a detailed description of the education and special training of each member of the faculty who taught an S. A. T. C. class must be sent in, and the institution must be made to stretch itself on a Procrustes bed of military meticulousness. It did

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my sense of humor good to see the unit come marching in full strength after supper from mess-hall to study-hall each night. Supervised study was the rule, and so they studied, in serried columns, meekly, zealously, quietly, with patriotic fervor. The College library never saw such a sight before. Every seat filled with a man, and every man deep in a book! I think that this was the real—and only—miracle which the S. A. T. C. performed. It was touching to see the ardor, the faithfulness, the devotion, of these inchoate generals who were aflame with the passion for war. Fraternities were abandoned; social life was abandoned; "fussing" was no more. The girls of the College (this is a co-educational institution) declare that they do not even know the names of their fellow (male) students. A new era had dawned for American undergraduates. What a pity that it was so brief! A two months' dream, and untold millions of dollars thrown away! It suggests the epitaph of a very young baby in an old English churchyard:

"Since I was so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

But I am sorry for the boys who were so earnest and who now feel as though they had been deceived in every particular. They may, it is true, wear their uniforms and overcoats for three months longer; but their hope of getting into the war is gone, and for most of them their hope of getting an education is gone, for this year at least. With splendid eagerness they took the Government of the United States at its word and came to college. They were promised their tuition, their room and board, their equipment, and thirty dollars per month pay. Their country needed them, the world needed them; and they were wise enough, loyal enough, to come. Never had such a chance been given to young men in any country before. Paid to go to college, and serve one's country, too! They gave up their jobs and came. They sacrificed their chance to earn money in the long vacation by going to a summer training camp. Whereas usually they start in at college with a few hundred dollars saved, this fall they knew that the Government would take care of them, and after they were inducted into the service they were forbidden to earn money. Happy, care-free young soldiers, eager to fight for their country so generous and strong. And then, bang! It's all over. The order for demobilization has come, which does not even allow the first term's work to be completed or a term's credits earned, and these brave boys are dismissed, their mess-hall closed, their tuition stopped, their pockets empty, and their hearts heavy with disappointment and despair. They had done their best, and their country had gone back on them; they were cheated of the education which had been promised them. They were without funds, and they could not go on with their college course.

I talked with one bright fellow just before he left for home—a sophomore who had worked his way through his freshman year. "I am sorry that I cannot go on with my college course," he said; "but it is too late to find enough work to carry me through. I might earn my board and room, but I never could pay my tuition." And my heart ached because I could not say to him, "Never mind the tuition; come anyway." I had to keep silent because I knew that the College could itself scarcely survive without the tuition fees which it had counted on receiving from the Government.

Therefore I smile, though grimly. The comic Muse has ordered the wreck of institutions and the ruin of hopes in the high name of Patriotism and Education.

IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

(The building that formerly housed a certain great shop in New York has been turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers.)

I

Women used to stroll through these aisles,
Idly looking at laces,
Studying the new styles,
And the new graces. . . .
Now, if they walked these dim defiles,
They would see only faces:

II

Faces of boys who have been
Through the mud and the mire,
But who laugh, and chuckle, and grin
In their bandaged attire;
Smile, since deep down within
Their souls are on fire.

III

Where the counters stood yesterday,
Covered with light stuff,
And you thought the shop gay
With its delicate bright stuff,
See what a long array
Of the spiritual right stuff!

IV

This was once but a mart;
Here salesgirl and shoe-man
Played a diplomat's part
For each difficult woman;
Now the place finds its heart—
It is suddenly human!

V

These lads have come back—
Oh, the long, aching aisles of them!
They are laid on pain's rack—
I think there are miles of them!
But watch their lips crack
At your jokes! See the smiles of them!

VI

And there's singing here now,
And the movie's bright flash;
Life is strange, I avow;
Gone are cretonne and crash.
See that lad's tied-up brow
In the aisle that heard "Cash!"

VII

Here are rest and quiet
Where they never had been;
No "bargain day" riot,
No bustle and din.
This stuff—you can't buy it!—
God laid the stock in.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of January 29, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Germany: A Conservative Republic; The End of the Revolution; Justice to the Kaiser; The German Riddle.

Reference: Pages 173, 174; 177, 178.

Questions:

1. Name the six leading parties in Germany and state in six sentences what these parties stand for. 2. What does The Outlook think of the successful party in Germany? Tell why you think the success by one of the other parties would have or would not have been better for Germany. 3. Give a summary of what The Outlook says about the end of the revolution in Germany. 4. Does The Outlook believe in the right of revolution? Tell why you do or do not. 5. What do you get out of the topic "Justice to the Kaiser"? 6. Formulate and discuss a proposition suggested by or stated in this topic. 7. The Outlook says on page 177 that Professor Francke's article "affords a clue to the strange behavior of the German people." Explain why. 8. Make eight or ten contrasts between the American and the German. 9. Write about three hundred words on the topic "Self-Control *versus* Self-Expression." 10. What does The Outlook mean by saying that "Liebknecht's courage was greater than his wisdom"? 11. Liebknecht believed that the future belongs to the people. Does it? If not, to whom does it belong? 12. The Outlook is doubtful whether any faction in Germany understands the meaning of the phrase, "the law of liberty." Explain to the Germans and to some Americans what this law does mean. 13. Two excellent recent books are "The Essentials of an Enduring Victory," by André Chéradame (Scribners), and "World War Issues and Ideals," by Speare and Norris (Ginn).

II—FOREIGN AFFAIRS

B. Topic: France and the Bolsheviki.

Reference: Page 185.

Questions:

1. According to the official correspondence from Paris, why is France unwilling to renew diplomatic relations with the Soviet Government? Do you think this wise? Reasons. 2. For what reasons does France believe in fighting Bolshevism? 3. Official France also believes that there is "a whole world between Czarism and Bolshevism." Explain the difference. Which, in your opinion, is better? Reasons. 4. State and discuss the attitude of France toward the Revolution in Russia and toward liberty for others. 5. Read a great book, "Comrades in Courage," by Lieutenant Redier (Doubleday, Page).

III—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Prohibition; The Eighteenth Amendment.

Reference: Editorial, pages 178, 179; 180, 181.

Questions:

1. Give a brief history of the temperance movement in the United States. 2. Tabulate all the arguments against the Eighteenth Amendment you can. 3. Write out a list of all the points you can in favor of it. 4. How many reasons can you give why any one *should* drink intoxicating liquors? Explain your answer. 5. Produce an argument showing that it might be reasonable to oppose local option and State prohibition and at the same time favor National prohibition. 6. Tell what things you think led to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. 7. State and discuss dangers in legislation for the enforcement of this amendment. Suggest remedies for these dangers. 8. Discuss to what extent each one should be willing to sacrifice personal liberty.

B. Topic: Campaigning with Theodore Roosevelt.

Reference: Pages 181, 182.

Questions:

1. What reasons do you see in this article why Mr. Carman considers it a great privilege to have been with Mr. Roosevelt on his campaign trips in 1912? 2. Mr. Carman gives proof that Mr. Roosevelt might have secured the Republican nomination in 1912. Discuss whether he ought to have accepted it on the condition named. 3. Make an estimate of Mr. Roosevelt's international influence. In this respect compare him with several other Americans. 4. Tell what you think of the statement that, with the exception of President Wilson, both political parties (Democratic and Republican) have come to a dearth of leadership. Illustrate your answer. 5. Suggest ways by which numerous public leaders could be developed. 6. Explain Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward big business, labor, and strikes. 7. Explain the appropriateness of the following eulogy of Mr. Roosevelt: "He was a man's man, a hero's hero, and an American's American." 8. Read "Theodore Roosevelt," by C. G. Washburn (Houghton Mifflin).

IV—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

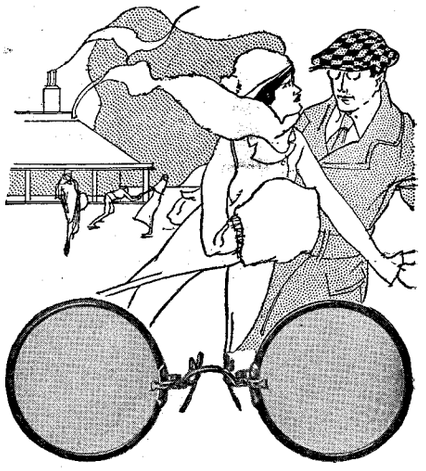
1. Peace times offer as much opportunity for patriotism as war times. 2. Theodore Roosevelt practiced what he preached.

V—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for January 29, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Hierarchy (174); recrudescence, presage (168); collaborate (185).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application



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MANY readers of The Outlook will remember with pleasure those interesting stories by Laurence La Tourette Driggs, "The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace," that were published in The Outlook some months ago. These stories, with many additional adventures of Arnold, have been published in book form by Little, Brown & Co., the well-known Boston publishers. It is a handsomely bound volume of over three hundred pages, containing many illustrations from original drawings and photographs, and will make a most attractive gift. The retail price of the book is $1.35 net. By special arrangement with the publishers we are able to offer it in combination with a year's subscription to The Outlook at the special price of $4.35 for the book and the subscription. Only a limited number of volumes are available for this offer, which will be withdrawn when our present supply is exhausted.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. The department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

HISTORY'S LESSON TO THE MOTOR TRUCK

BY P. W. LITCHFIELD

Vice-President of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company

THE inhabitants along the Lincoln Highway through Pennsylvania looked up in surprise one day last spring. They had become accustomed to seeing touring cars and runabouts whizzing along where they had formerly seen buggies, market-wagons, and hay-racks. Occasionally also they had seen large solid-rubber tired motor trucks lumbering along. The new object of their curiosity was a large five-ton truck rolling along at touring-car speed on eight and ten inch pneumatic tires. It had such a smoothness of motion that the spare operator in his sleeping compartment behind the driver's seat had no more difficulty in obtaining a good night's rest than the passenger in an ordinary Pullman berth. After several trips back and forth alone three more of these pioneer long-distance express trucks joined it to form a fleet, running on regular schedule from Ohio to New England points. The people along the road began to wonder whether this was a practical thing and if it was the beginning of a new era in transportation. That is a question which is well worth asking, and I shall endeavor in this article to sketch some of the salient points leading up to the use of the pneumatic truck tire, its present stage of development, and to forecast some of the possibilities of its future.

Let us go away back in history and hurriedly run over the ground of the development of transportation and outline its effect on civilization and the relative progress of different nations. The earliest form we know about is walking. When man had to depend entirely on his feet, he never got very far, and each little community was a nation unto itself. The next step was the use of domestic animals, enabling man to travel longer distances, and those people who made use of this method to the greatest extent became civilized first and started to make history. First we have Egypt, a desert country, expanding because the most efficient form of transportation in those days was the camel. Next followed Assyria, Babylonia, and Persia, with the training of the horse as the best means of transportation. After centuries of the ascendency of these people history begins to tell us of Greece. Now we hear of the multi-oared boats and the development of transportation on the water. Here a minute nation geographically, taking advantage of this new traffic, inhabited, cultivated, and civilized the little irregular-shaped peninsula and adjacent islands till these islands became the greatest nation of its time. Adding the sail and increasing the size of the boat transferred growth and power to the lands bordering on the

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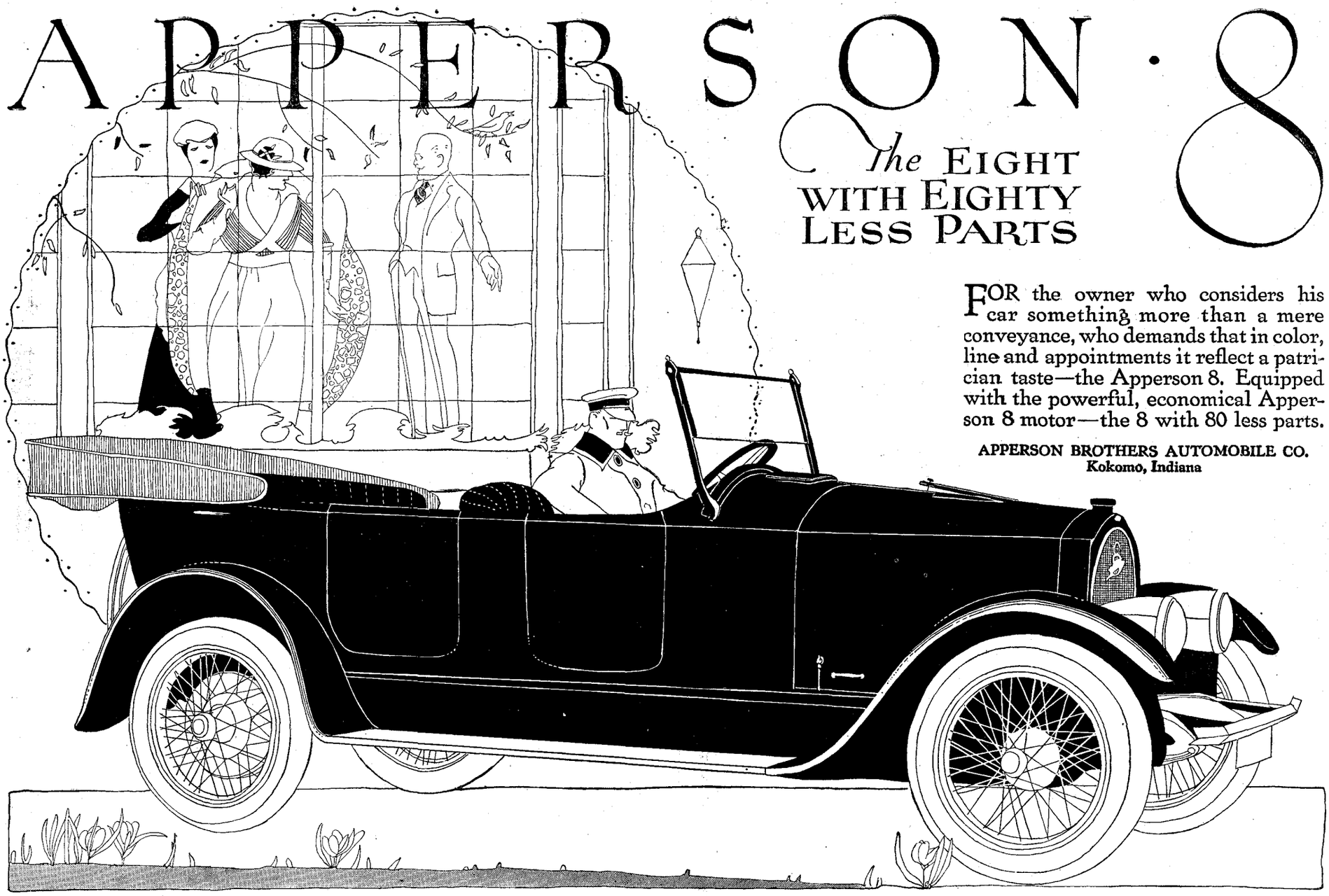

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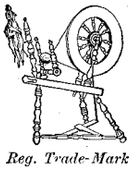

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History's Lesson to the Motor Truck (Continued)

Mediterranean, and the rise of Carthage and Rome followed; and for many centuries the increasing map of the civilized world grew along the coasts instead of into the interior of the continent. Rome seemed to be the first country to take the step inland, and while foot and domestic animal transportation on land continued she wisely started on the first great plan of good roads building. The Appian Way and others are among the wonders of the age. This start in making transportation on land easier and faster played a large part in the development of Rome both from a military and commercial point of view. The development of northern Italy and France followed the extension of travel through these lands. The development of the ship in size and sail power brought to the front those who were responsible for it, and we see the rise of Venice and Genoa, mere cities only, becoming great powers by their control of the most progressive transportation of their day, bringing the wealth and knowledge of distant lands to their use.

Next came the age of explorers. Ships now were not confined to coastwise traffic in the Mediterranean, and the ocean became the great highway. Now begins the ascendency of the two great nations on the Atlantic Ocean, England and Spain, both with long seacoasts, one with relatively small and the other with mountainous and rugged interior. What was more natural than that they should become rivals in building large ships and in reaching out to the New World, to bring its wealth back home. What also could be more natural than that our own country, after gaining its independence, should become a sea Power? We were a string of settlements along the sea from Maine to Georgia, bordered on the west by the Appalachian Mountains, with no good roads over them, and a hostile race on the other side. It was under these conditions that we built up our great merchant marine. It was in this era that the maritime Powers became the great world Powers.

During the first half of the nineteenth century there came about that wonderful change in transportation which was to revolutionize history—the discovery of steam-power as applied to the ship, instead of depending on the wind, and the invention of the steam locomotive to supplant the domestic animal for long hauls on land. This overthrew all previously established standards and made steady progress, as it had two of the greatest requisites for ideal transportation, viz., saving of time and reliability. The third requisite, saving of cost, was not so immediately apparent, but developed later. I point this out, as it had a most important bearing on the introduction of the automobile later. The steamboat did not transport cheaper than the sailing ship, the railway did not transport cheaper than the canal or the coastwise vessel, but they largely supplanted the former practice because they saved the most valuable of all things—time. They were also more reliable. The steamboat could be run on a definite schedule, while the sailing ship was dependent on the caprice of the wind. The locomotive would continue to run at the will of man, while the horse after a short period of work had to rest and sleep. This change from wind and horse power to steam-power brought about another remarkable change. By building steel railways we were now able to transport passengers and goods on land quicker than by water; we could also

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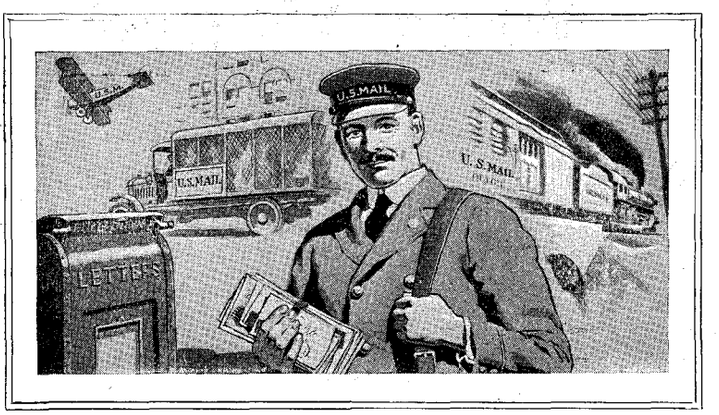
History's Lesson to the Motor Truck (*Continued*)

transport into the interior as fast as along the coast. Now interior land had a new value, and broad areas of fertile country could be opened up and big cities grow and thrive away from the coast. Now was the chance for nations with relatively large areas and smaller coasts to gain in wealth and power. This contributed to the great growth during the past half-century of the United States and the German Empire. We lost our proud merchant-marine position during our Civil War. This was largely due to the change in ship construction from wood to steel and England's cheaper cost of production by the new method. A more potent reason, however, for the continued decline was the realization that the building of railways offered us a more profitable and promising field. We set about taking advantage of this new era of coal and steel in building up our great inland empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, cultivating our home markets, and building a homogeneous, democratic nation. We did well in making this selection, and it is only within the last few years that we have been able to produce beyond the needs of home consumption and begin to look for outside markets for our surplus. Must we now look outside for our place in the sun, or may we still look for large expansion in population and consumption at home? We will see later on what part the automobile will play in this.

The bicycle was an old invention. With steel tires it made but slow progress. The adoption of a solid-rubber tire gave it increased public usage; but it was the pneumatic tire which made it a big industry. It not only made it replace walking, but the extra speed and lack of vibration produced gave it a new function which did not exist before. It saved time. The use of the solid tire on carriages increased the comfort of riding, but the pneumatic tire allowed the carriage to go so fast with comfort and safety that the carriage outgrew the horse, which became too slow for it, and caused the substitution of the motor. The automobile was made possible by the pneumatic tire. The internal-combustion engine is a delicate mechanism. It has to be geared to the wheels in some form, therefore the necessity of a perfect road or of absorbing the shocks before they reach the wheels. The pneumatic tire performs this function most efficiently. The pneumatic-tired automobile replaced the horse-drawn carriage, because it saved time, went farther and faster. As it so improved on the article which it superseded, it enormously expanded the field of the industry. It increased the amount of travel and the distances traveled. I believe statistics show that now, after the few years of its existence, the automobile covers as many passenger miles as the railways. Not that the railways have suffered any great loss of business, but the increase has been largely created and absorbed by the automobile.

Turning from the pleasure car to the truck, what do we find? Following the pleasure car came the light delivery truck, replacing the horse-drawn truck, largely on pneumatic tires. Then we find the motor truck expanding into larger and heavier fields, still making only an attempt to replace the horse, and equipped with solid-rubber tires, which had been practically abandoned on every other form of motor vehicle almost immediately after their adoption. Evidently the tire-maker had not kept pace with the development of the truck or the truck-builder was making a

The Postal Life Way is Uncle Sam's Way



When the Postal Life Insurance Company began business nearly fourteen years ago, there were some who said: "*You can't sell life-insurance except through life-insurance agents.*"

The Postal Life at once proceeded to prove that life-insurance *could* be sold *by mail* and has since received requests for information from more than 100,000 people. The Company now has policyholders in every State in the Union, in Canada, South America, the European Nations, in China, India and Japan and even in far-away Australia. The Postal Life slogan is:

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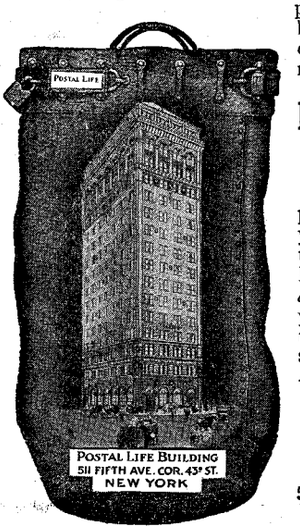

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Your local florist, within a few hours, can deliver fresh flowers in any city or town in the United States and Canada through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery service.

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A Remarkable System of Personal Efficiency

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NO matter what you want — whether it be wealth, power, position, fame, health, friendship, or any kind of material success—it is no longer necessary for you to grope for it blindly, uncertainly, wasting your energy and brain power in an unequal struggle against circumstance and environment.

There is a sure and certain way of reaching your goal, of attaining your desires, of realizing your ambitions. There has been worked out for your guidance a definite plan of action which if followed intelligently will put you on the road to assured success. So clear, so simple, so explicit are the instructions that anyone can grasp their meaning quickly and put them into practice. A single hour devoted to their study may change the course of your whole life. Many a man who had thought himself possessed of only moderate ability—yes, many a self-confessed failure—has suddenly found himself a new man mentally and spiritually, with a wonderful new power of accomplishment, new courage, new ambition and new opportunities for success, simply by following the suggestions given him by Dr. Orison Swett Marden.

Dr. Orison Swett Marden

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JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY says: "Dr. Marden is one of the wonders of our time. I personally feel under a debt of obligation to him for his marvelous inspiration and help."

When such men as these, and a host of others too numerous to mention, have felt so strongly the debt of gratitude they owe this man that they have not hesitated to acknowledge it in writing, surely you also can be helped to develop your latent powers, to fill a larger place in the world, to make a *new success* of your life.

There is nothing mysterious or difficult about Dr. Marden's teachings. They are clear, direct, personal. You will recognize their truth and their value to you as soon as you read them. And that they may have wide distribution throughout the world they have been put into a book called "HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT" (instead of into an expensive mail-order course costing from $20 to $50) so that they are within easy reach of everyone who reads this announcement. And then there is THE NEW SUCCESS—MARDEN'S MAGAZINE, which every ambitious man and woman should read in connection with the book, as it is brim-full of the success idea and carries Dr. Marden's inspiring message to thousands every month. By special arrangement both the book and an eight months' subscription to the magazine can now be secured for only $2. Nor is it necessary that you risk a single penny to secure them, as Dr. Marden has stipulated that this book and magazine shall be sent on five days' free examination to every reader of The Outlook who asks for them.

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All you need do to secure Dr. Marden's help is to fill out and mail the coupon below and you will receive immediately "HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT," a book of 350 pages handsomely bound in cloth, and also the current number of THE NEW SUCCESS—MARDEN'S MAGAZINE, the most helpful magazine in America. Keep the book for 5 days, read it and re-read it, and if you are fully satisfied remit only $2, which will pay in full for the book and an eight months' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. If for any reason you should not be fully satisfied, just remail the book within five days and you will owe nothing. Surely you owe it to yourself, to your family, to your friends to take advantage of this offer which may open the door for you to wonderful new success. So mail the coupon NOW, thus making sure of getting your copy of the book before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Outlook 2-5-19

History's Lesson to the Motor Truck (Continued)

mistake. Up to now the former is probably the correct reason.

The first trucks designed for solid tires were lighter than those in use to-day, but the vibration caused so much breaking of parts that they had to be strengthened and reinforced repeatedly. This can all be saved by using pneumatics, allowing for lighter chassis and bodies to carry heavier loads. Also the traction of large single pneumatics is much greater than solids, permitting the operation of the trucks in sand, mud, and snow, where the solid-tired trucks would be stalled. The gasoline and oil consumption is much less with the pneumatic tire. The motor truck so far has only attempted to replace the horse in hauling merchandise, as the solid tire has so limited its speed that it could not compete with any form of transportation requiring long hauls at higher speeds. When it can accomplish this, it so enlarges its field that it becomes a real competitor of the railways.

The same forces which operated in favor of the railways as against the rivers and canals are now operating in favor of the pneumatic-tired motor truck as against the railways. They are principally speed, flexibility, and reduction in number of transfers, followed in many cases by a lowering of costs. The railways could go where the ocean and navigable rivers couldn't and take grades which the canals couldn't without excessive cost and decreased speed. The result was that they opened up new territory, increased land values, built great inland cities, and supported a much larger population, thus multiplying the needs of transportation.

The result has been the great pilgrimage from the country to the city. We are all familiar with the overcrowded conditions of the cities, bringing the high cost of living, poor sanitary conditions, problems of proper municipal government, fire and police protection, and jamming of the arteries of transportation to and from the center. In the midst of ever-increasing cost of city government comes the automobile as the greatest solution of the problem. It enters the field, not as a cheaper form of transportation, but as a faster and more flexible form; and those who can afford it immediately take advantage of it. They leave the congested city and seek homes outside. There they find land cheaper and get larger pieces of it, equalizing the higher cost of transportation by lower-cost homes with better living conditions. This has the effect of increasing land values, supporting a larger population, and increasing the volume of transportation. Volume production of automobiles follows, lowering the cost, and more and more people take advantage of this to go to the country. The people now being farther apart from one another and from the supplies and merchandise which they need, the greater the volume of transportation becomes. They are now farther away from the railways than before; their supplies must be brought to them either by extending the railways or by motor trucks, which will depend on the best combination of time and cost.

The automobile has decreased the economic necessity of being located on a railway, and every extension of motor-vehicle use will still further emphasize this. The country has now been pretty well covered by railways, where construction is easy and population sufficiently dense. Where the surface of the land is difficult for railway con-

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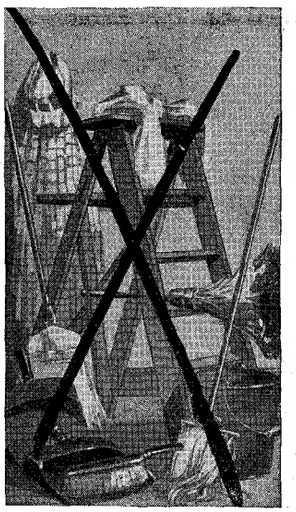
History's Lesson to the Motor Truck (Continued)

struction it may be relatively easy to adopt motor traffic. Also where the population is scarce the motor can reach it with a relatively small capital outlay. This would open the land to use, and the automobile naturally inherits the traffic. This great increase in volume of transportation by opening additional lands to increased habitation is the principal reason why the passengers per mile carried yearly by motor now exceeds the number carried by rail after these few years of the motor-car industry without any appreciable falling off in the business of the railways.

In order for the motor truck to make the most of its advantages it must make higher speeds. The immediate step to accomplish this is the use of the pneumatic tire, with the changes in truck design which will naturally follow. Then establish schedules for the operation of the truck both night and day; the greatest speeds can be obtained at night, when the roads are relatively free from other traffic. The organization of companies capable of covering the traffic problems of large blocks of territory will follow, cutting out the wastes and eddies and bringing about the scientific organization of traffic on economic lines.

Any form of transportation which saves time, shortens distances, and produces elasticity of operation makes for economy and reliability. Surely the pneumatic-tired truck possesses these elements to a greater degree than any other form of merchandise transportation heretofore known, and in the race of the survival of the fittest has a lead which no other form of surface transportation now known can overtake.

Looking into the matter of costs, it almost seems as if science and nature are working hand in hand. The invention of the internal-combustion engine and pneumatic tire found the world's supply of liquid fuel and crude rubber entirely inadequate for any great industry. Both soon reached what seemed to be prohibitive prices, but new sources of supply were found. Rubber, which since its first use had only been obtained from the wild jungle at enormous cost of lives and money, was successfully cultivated. Now this indispensable raw material of transportation can be grown at one-quarter of its present selling price in unlimited quantities in that part of the globe where land is most productive and population most dense. This gives increased employment, not only to peoples of the Orient, increasing their productive value and bringing civilization and better living conditions to them, but the product of their labors goes to increase the productive value of distant lands and support an increasing population there also. Truly, this all seems a part of the slow unfolding of God's plan for meeting our needs and problems, and the romance of the development of the pneumatic-tired truck of the future will be written on the pages of history in due time, with that of the caravan of the desert, the slave galleys, the ships of the Hanseatic League, the armadas of the Middle Ages, the clipper ships of our own early days, the mighty merchant marine, and the gridiron of great railway systems of to-day. Even in the distant future beyond this we already see visions of the commercial conquest of the air. Then neither land nor sea will control transportation; but the air will dominate both, first from a military standpoint, followed in turn by commerce, as has been the case in each successive development.



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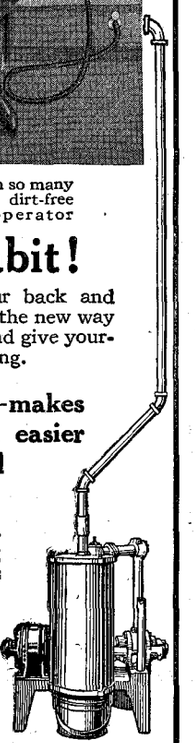

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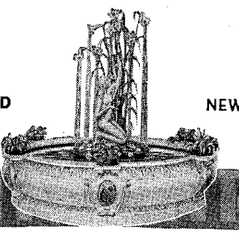

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Wear this scientifically constructed health belt, endorsed by physicians and surgeons. A light but durable support for the abdomen which greatly relieves the strain on the abdominal muscles. Recommended for obesity, lumbago, constipation, spinal deformities, floating kidney and all weaknesses in the abdominal region.

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Releases the tension on the internal ligaments and causes the internal organs to resume their proper positions and perform their functions in a normal, healthful way. Easy to adjust—a great comfort to the wearer. For men, women and children. Send for the belt on FIVE days' FREE TRIAL. If satisfactory send us $2.50. If not, return belt. Give normal waist measure when ordering.

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Piso's gives prompt and effective relief. Soothes inflamed throats; eases tickling and relieves hoarseness.

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I show you how to free yourself from nagging ailments. You follow my easy directions in your home.

Sixteen years' experience. Approved by leading physicians. Your correspondence will be held in strictest confidence.

Write me your difficulties in health or figure. I'll also send you FREE my illustrated Health Book telling you how to stand and walk correctly.

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Miss Cocroft is nationally recognized as authority on conditioning women as training camps have conditioned our men.

BY THE WAY

How many American readers recognize offhand the absurdity of a statement lately made by an English newspaper (which most assuredly should have known better) that a certain Sergeant Roberts, who died lately, "assisted to fetch out the victims from the Black Hole at Calcutta"? The venerable sergeant was certainly a long-lived man if he did this, for the Black Hole incident took place in 1756. Probably the British paper was thinking of the Indian Mutiny.

While on the subject of British errors about British colonies, we may mention one recently quoted in London "Punch" as coming from an English provincial paper: "For some days Private Theo pushed a 150-pound cart through the snows which covered the vast stretch between London (Ontario) and Canada."

In praising the pleasing personality of President Wilson the Manchester (England) "Guardian" finds a convincing evidence of Mr. Wilson's human quality in a photograph, of which it says: "That the man who can stand between a king and a queen to be photographed with one trousers leg at full length while the other is turned up a couple of inches is, above everything else—human!"

To the list of centenaries which will occur in 1919 given in this column last week may be added those of James Russell Lowell, Charles Dana, Cyrus W. Field, J. G. Holland, and John Ruskin.

There are people who are mean enough to be glad to know how to get out of spending money at a fair. The following anecdote is related of a high official in the British Ministry of Munitions who was enticed into a bazaar: "Why don't you buy something at my table?" inquired a fair stall-holder. "Because I only buy from the homely girls," said the man. "They have a harder time making sales." The girl smiled; and he went on, working the same excuse all down the line.

Perhaps the most gigantic bluff of the war was the "Dover barrage bluff." Admiral Hall, of the British navy, invented, says the New York "Evening Post," what purported to be elaborate plans for an electric mine field across the Channel from Dover, some of the surface lights of which were put in place, and then managed to have the whole scheme sold to the German secret service for $20,000. In fact, there were no mines laid; but the German officials thought there were, and for a long time religiously kept their submarines away from the deadly place.

In one Russian village which the Allies had not yet had time to reach with their food supplies a correspondent found one peasant family eating swan, which they described as exceedingly tough. "It was a sacred bird with us before," one of the peasants apologized, "but we have no meat, and the Bolshevski killed the fish in our lake with bombs from their airplanes."

There has been some grumbling, both among newspapers and business men, about the slow transmission of cablegrams in war time. We judge that there was similar complaint in the Spanish-American War. At least there was cause for it if a story told in that capital book "The Story of the Sun" is true. W. J. Chamberlin, one of the New York "Sun's" correspondents, reached Jamaica with an ex-

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By the Way (Continued)

clusive story. This is what happened to him:

> The women clerks in the telegraph office took his despatch and counted the words three times before they would start sending it. They told Chamberlin the cost, about a hundred dollars, for which he promptly paid in cash.
>
> Three or four days later he went back to Port Antonio with another important despatch. The cable clerk told him that on his previous visit their count had been one word short.
>
> "That's all right," said Chamberlin, and he threw down a shilling to pay for the one word. "Thank you," said the lady. "*Now* we can send the message!"

A clock with a thousand-pound bell keeping time shipwise has been erected in a tower at the end of Pier A, North River, New York, as a memorial to the seamen who lost their lives during the war. The bell, which is the gift of Daniel G. Reid, is thirty-seven inches in diameter. It is said to be the only large clock of the kind.

There are different kinds of courage. There are also different degrees in the appreciation of danger. General Williams, the Chief of our Ordnance Bureau, lately told of an American boy who wanted to volunteer in the infantry but couldn't because his mother wouldn't let him. So he volunteered in the mine-sweeping service. Some one who heard this said to him, "Good gracious, that is more dangerous than infantry fighting by a darn sight!" "I know it is," said the boy; "but mother doesn't!"

A Connecticut correspondent writes: "In your By the Way column of January 15 you give as the longest word in the English language *honorificabilitudinity*, for which I fancy Dr. Samuel Johnson was responsible. I offer *antidisestablishmentarianism*, which was used, I believe, by the late Archbishop Benson. By changing it into an adjective (*ism* to *istic*), you get two more letters, making twenty-nine in all. I have not looked it up in the dictionary. If it is not there, it ought to be. It is a word which the late Provost Salmon, of Dublin University, would have called "portentous."

About twenty years ago "the prisoner of the Mahdi" figured largely in the news. The other day Karl Neufeld died in Berlin. In 1887 Dr. Neufeld and his caravan were taken prisoner by the Mahdists. He narrowly escaped hanging as a spy, but was loaded with chains and cast into a dungeon by orders of the Mahdi. In 1898 he was rescued by English soldiers, and after that made pilgrimages to Mecca and passed a searching examination on the Koran when his claim of being a Mohammedan subject was disputed. After the European war began he was used to distribute German propaganda among the Arabs.

Says "Judge:" "You know," said the lady whose motor car had run down a man, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a car for seven years." "Lady, you've got nothing on me. I've been walking for fifty-four years."

A soldier who had fought in the war with conspicuous valor obtained after his return home a situation in the service of a lady in the south of Ireland. One day his mistress was talking to him about his military career, and asked him: "In all your experience of the war, what struck you as the most wonderful of all?" "Well, ma'am," he said, "what struck me most was all the bullets that missed me."

When Mother Made Up Jell-O

In every case of sickness or convalescence there is a period when feeding is a most important factor. Either the patient refuses nourishment from lack of appetite or on account of the unattractiveness of the food presented.

Often at such times, as we have learned from our own experience, the mind of the patient harbors visions of childhood scenes—among others of mother making cool, sparkling and delicious dishes of Jell-O.

And at such times it will be found that Jell-O is one dish which the patient will relish. It satisfies the craving for something refreshing and restores the lost appetite.

The most attractive and most appetizing of Jell-O dishes are so easily made up that the nurse upon whom generally devolves the preparation of her patient's food, finds in preparing them an enjoyable relief from a usually burdensome task.

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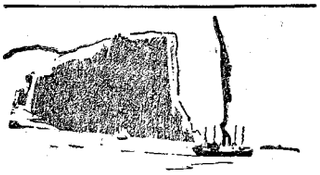

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permitted now for urgent reasons only—will become general at the earliest possible moment, depending on passport restrictions, steamship accommodations, conditions abroad. On these and other travel subjects consult

THE AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

Ask for our Bulletins of general travel information. For the spring of 1919 we recommend **THE CHERRY BLOSSOM TOUR TO JAPAN AND CHINA,** sailing from San Francisco March 15, and wherever, whenever you go, **AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES**—the International Currency.

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Phone, Bowling Green 10,000
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Winter, spring. Finest hotels, motor cars. **National Parks, Alaska,** summer. **Europe** before long. Talk it over now.
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JAPAN — CHINA
THE PHILIPPINES

are today the most attractive and fascinating lands for the traveler. Three comprehensive Tours will leave the Pacific Coast during March, visiting each country at its most delightful season for travel, including Japan in "Cherry Blossom Time." Limited membership, highest class arrangements throughout.

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AND ALL WINTER RESORTS
Escorted Tours to the Pacific Coast, February and March

Tickets and Tours Everywhere. Pullman and Hotel accommodations reserved in advance. Complete information, time tables, etc. Itineraries arranged.

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Tours and Travel

GO to EUROPE or CALIFORNIA at MY EXPENSE or elsewhere by forming a small party as soon as conditions will allow. BABCOCK'S EUROPEAN and AMERICAN TOURS, 1137 Dean St., Brooklyn. Est. 1900.

Hotels and Resorts

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If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

FLORIDA

HAVEN BEACH COTTAGES

Restricted residential resort near famous Belleair Golf Links between St. Petersburg and Clearwater on the Gulf of Mexico. Cottages furnished and with all conveniences of a suburban home—$300 to $750 until May 1. Surf Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Sea Foods. "The Lodge" at the service of cottagers—oysters, clams, scallops, shrimp, lobsters and fish of all kinds from adjacent waters. A "Seaside" Winter Home built upon liberal terms, maintained and rented when not occupied by owner and an Indemnity Bond furnished the investor against financial loss. "Investments made Safe for Investors." Offices: Citizens Bank Bldg., Tampa. Poinsettia Hotel Block, St. Petersburg. Address for illustrated folder and information desired, Florida Beach Development Co., "Haven Beach," Indian Rocks, Fla. Box O.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Room and bath $4.50 per day with meals, or $2.50 per day without meals.

Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

NEW YORK

For Conventions

permitting exclusive use of a large estate of 300 acres, equipped private lake, accommodations for 200. Dining-room and house service furnished. Rates reasonable. Open time, first three weeks in June, last three weeks in September. Address Box C, Highland, N. Y.

VIRGINIA

Easy to reach! The Hotel Chamberlin at Old Point Comfort. One of the finest resort-hotels in the Western Hemisphere, with all the social life you'd expect at this greatest center of military, naval, and aerial activity. With Hampton Roads in front—the New Naval Training Base adjoining—and Langley Field (the show place for aviation in America) a few miles away.

Motoring, Sea Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Every Bath and Treatment of European Spas duplicated here.

Write for Illustrated Booklets, Address
George F. Adams, Fortress Monroe, Va.

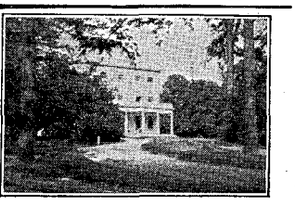
Hotels and Resorts

WYOMING

WYOMING—Trapper Lodge

The place for young men to recuperate in sunny, outdoor life. Winter rate, $100 monthly; exclusive saddle horse and pack, inclusive. For reservations address WYMAN & SONS, Shell, Big Horn County, Wyoming.

Health Resorts



Sanford Hall, est. 1841
Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

Sanford Hall Flushing New York

Mrs. Ford's Home for TUBERCULOUS Patients Rates $15 to $30 a week. Booklet. Wilkinson House, Liberty, N. Y.

LINDEN Doylestown, Pa. **The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well** An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium

A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Real Estate

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TO RENT—COTTAGE, 10 rooms, bath, open fires, overlooking Passamaquoddy Bay, Campobello, N. B., via Eastport, Me. No hay fever or mosquitoes; firewood and rowboat. Rent $350. Isabelle T. Vennell, 93 Forest Hill St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS

CAPE COD Ballston Beach Bungalows by the ocean surf. Choice location. Moderate rents seasons. S. W. BALL, 87 Nassau St., N. Y.

NEW MEXICO

FOR SALE
TEN-ROOM CEMENT HOUSE

With two baths, enclosed sleeping-porch, small conservatory, maids' lavatory, laundry, garage, and walled-in garden. Electricity, modern plumbing, hot-water heating. 3 acres in young apple and peach orchard. 2 acres in lawn and chicken yard. Three miles out of Roswell, New Mexico. Ideal climate for tubercular troubles. Price $13,000. Address
E. OLDS, Roswell, New Mexico. P. O. Box 48

NEW YORK

Money-Making Farms—17 States—$10 to $100 acre. Stock, tools, crops often included to settle quickly. Write for big illus. catalogue. Dept. 2,716, E. A. Strout Farm Agency, N. Y.

Property Wanted

WANTED—To secure suitable property for the conducting of a Girls' school in a community offering opportunity. 9,325, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

ATTRACTIVE and paying private school, day and boarding, for sale on easy terms. Splendid location, excellent patronage. 6,571, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Young woman as mother's assistant. Two children. 6,526, Outlook.

NURSE capable of taking entire responsibility in care of five months' baby and three year child. Exceptional salary for woman with training fond of children. Mrs. L. Campbell Church, Joplin, Mo.

WANTED—Capable young Protestant woman as girls' caretaker in orphanage. Health essential. Salary $30 month. Comfortable home, laundry. References. 6,575, Outlook.

FOR hospitals, institutions, schools, dietitians, matrons, housekeepers, cafeteria managers. Miss Richards, Box 5, East Side Station, Providence, R. I.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, from March first, for three months, mother's helper. Refined, reliable. Country. Other help. $35. Give personal references in first letter. Mrs. J. B. Harrison, New Paltz, New York.

WANTED—Experienced children's nurse, preferably English or Scotch, to take charge of three children (oldest three years), with one assistant nurse. Good wages. Home in Berlin, N. H. Reply to Mrs. W. R. Brown, Hotel Somerset, Boston, Mass.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

NURSERY governess for girl of three and boys of eight and eleven in Ohio May first. Experience in physical care essential. Would like both French and German. Long engagement and advancement for efficiency. 6,573, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

COLLEGE woman wishes position as managing secretary. Valuable library and banking experience. 6,565, Outlook.

LET me help with your club paper. Terms reasonable. 6,530, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Position as dietitian or managing housekeeper in hospital, sanatorium, or school by woman of ability and experience. References. 6,564, Outlook.

LADY, experienced camper, would like position as camp mother in boys' or girls' camp. References. 6,562, Outlook.

WANTED—Supervision of home for children by practical, experienced Protestant couple. 6,569, Outlook.

MANAGING lady housekeeper, secretary, companion, chaperon, hostess, or any position of trust required by cultured English woman. Much experience England and America; used entire control, mothering children; positions requiring tact; prepares girls for society; understands decorating house; real comfort in trouble. Liberal salary. Highest references given and required. 6,570, Outlook.

LADY, competent, desires position as companion and managing housekeeper to lady or managing housekeeper for gentleman. New York or vicinity. References. 6,574, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR wishes position. 6,560, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

NURSE will take in her home defective crippled children. Excellent references. 6,538, Outlook.

"MARY Moore" hand-made dresses. If your dealer does not handle them, write us. Exclusive styles one to ten years from five dollars up. The Exclusive Style Shop, Davenport, Ia.

FINE FRESH EGGS—A farm-to-you service that you need. Let us prove it to you at our expense. J. F. Laise, Bunker Hill, W. Va.

WANTED—Defective or elderly people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in nursing. Frances Parker Memorial Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

CHEERFUL, interesting letters full of personal experiences, traveling, living and camping in sunny California, written to lonesome people, shut-ins, invalids, old people, any one. $1 per month in advance. Box 246, Banning, Calif.

MISS Guthman, New York Shopper, will send anything on approval. Services free. References. 309 West 99th St.

YOUR WANTS IN EVERY LINE

of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the CLASSIFIED COLUMNS OF THE OUTLOOK. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

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[*Advertisement*]

Why Some Foods Explode in the Stomach

And How 48 Hours Makes New Stomachs from Old

By R. S. THOMPSON

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is traceable to the digestive tract. Yet in a surprisingly large number of cases even chronic stomach trouble can be remedied in from 48 to 72 hours.

Physical efficiency is the back-bone of mental efficiency. Unless our stomachs are effectively performing their functions in the way Nature intended, we can't be physically fit. And unless we're physically fit, we can't be thoroughly successful.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Of course, there are successful men who have weak digestions, but they are exceptions to the rule. They succeeded *in spite* of their physical condition. Ten times the success would undoubtedly be theirs if they had the backing of a strong physique and a perfect stomach. There are a thousand men who owe their success in life to a good digestion to every one who succeeded in spite of a poor digestion and the many ills it leads to.

The cause of practically all stomach disorders—and remember, stomach disorders lead to 90% of all sickness—is wrong eating.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man to-day is but 39 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver, and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years!

The trouble is that no one has, until recently, given any study to the question of food and its relation to the human body. Very often one good harmless food when eaten in combination with other harmless foods creates a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explodes, giving off dangerous toxics which enter the blood and slowly poison our entire system, sapping our vitality and depleting our efficiency in the meantime.

And yet, just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every-day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, and he told me some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food. Incidentally Eugene Christian has personally treated over 23,000 people for almost every non-organic ailment known, with almost unvaried success. An enviable record when one considers that people nearly always go to him after every other known method has failed. And the remarkable part of it all is that Eugene Christian's methods often remedy chronic cases of stomach trouble in 48 hours.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased six pounds. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasure of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago, and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered from stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste, and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him checks for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a course of little lessons which tell you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates, and seasons, including special summer menus which enable you to withstand the heat and retain winter's vigor.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice. Technical terms have been avoided—every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and will find that you secure results with the first meal. And if you suffer from acid stomach it is quite likely that your trouble will successfully be overcome in from 48 to 72 hours.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. 152, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within the time or remit $3.00, the small fee asked.

The reason that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves is more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society, and will be honored at once

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, INC.
Dept. 152, 443 Fourth Ave., New York City

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days after receipt or send you $3.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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